CANESADOOHARIE

or

How Many Historians Does It Take...

CANESADOOHARIE;

or,

"How many historians does it take, to...."

[**PART 1***]

compiled by

T. Derby

(* - see the end-pages**,** for info about **'Part 2 ', & '3 '**)

Although the 'title' is obviously intended to evoke the denigrating “joke”,

“ *How many* (so-and-so's) *does it take, to change a light-bulb?* **”**

but in this instance, the question is more specifically:

How many 'historians' does it take, to irreparably change **“***history***”**?

The following exposé reveals how the false 'historical' attribution of the “Indian” place-name, *“Canesadooharie”,* evolved over a fairly short time (ultimately causing that name to be 'officially' assigned to the wrong place).

“*Canesadooharie*” -- a very real 'place'; but, was it a real 'word' ?

The thrilling true-story about the “Canesadooharie” (as originally told by the same man who actually experienced it), is basically this:

In the year 1755, 18-year-old James Smith was captured from Pennsylvania, by Native-American “Indians”, and he was brought to live among their tribe in Northern Ohio. (The custom of this tribe was to forcefully adopt a young Caucasian male, as a replacement for an “*indian*” warrior who had been killed in battle against the incoming “*white*” settlers.)

For several years, Smith continued to live near Lake Erie as a member of that tribe, until 1759, when he finally found an opportunity to safely return back to his original home.

Smith had previously been well-educated for that time-period -- and he even jotted notes about some of his many experiences, into a journal, while he was here.

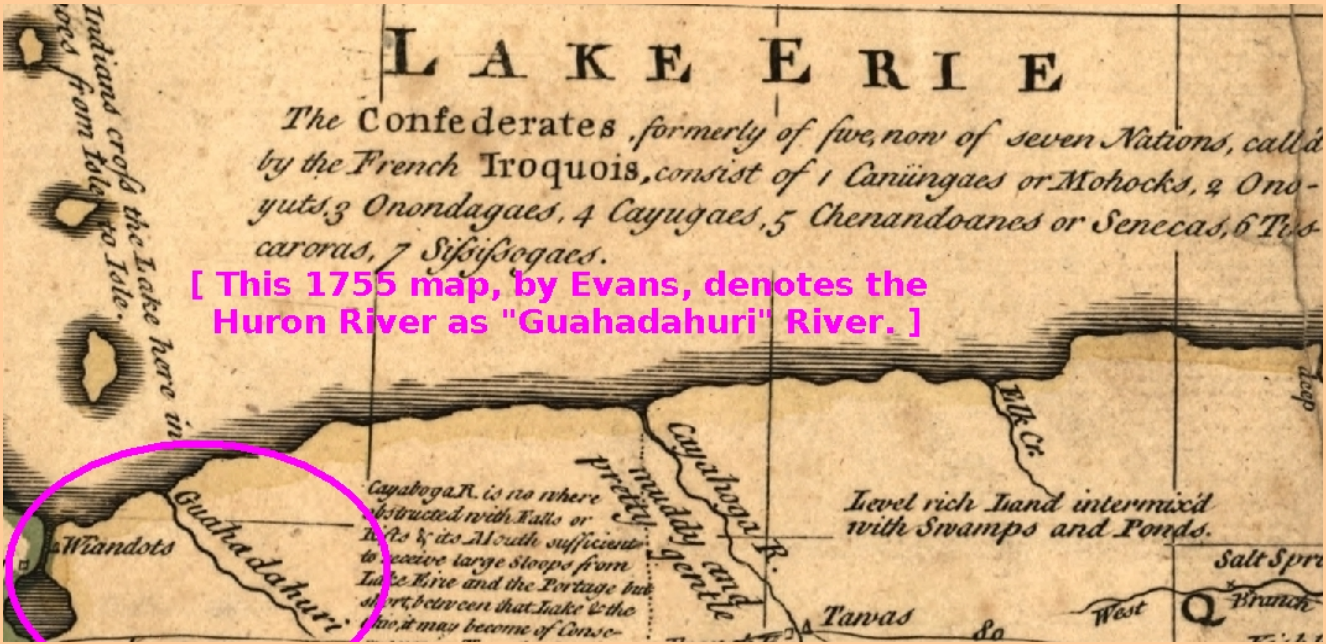
Much later (in 1799) he published a very detailed account about those adventures --- in which he stated that part of his time here in “the northern Ohio-country” was spent near a river which he calls only the "*Canesadooharie*" (that word being merely his own phonetic version of a Native-American spoken-word). Unfortunately, within that well-written published narrative, Smith failed to include an 'English' translation of that phonetic word.

Subsequently, the decision by the later '*historians*' to unquestioningly accept that precise word (exactly-as-written) required their presumption: they could only surmise, that Smith's initial phonetic interpretation had perfectly reflected the true pronunciation; but, more importantly, if Smith's decades-later published version had equally duplicated it accurately, phonetically.

However -- a fact which makes those historians' presumptions somewhat doubtful: that word, "*Canesadooharie*", does not seem to appear in any other documents from that basic time-period --- despite, that there were other non-native visitors who began arriving to this area during that same time --- and who also kept a written-record of their own experiences here.

But, there was a similar word denoted, in the year '*1755*' (by one of those other visitors): "*Guahadahuri*". And -- although that word was also merely a phonetic interpretation of a Native-American word --- the river "Guahadahuri" has been attributed as definitely referring to present-day 'HURON RIVER' {see map, below}. Therefore, was the "***Gu*** – *a* – ***ha*** - *da* – ***hu*** - *ri*", the same river as the "***Can*** – *es* – *(h)****a*** - *doo* – ***ha*** - *rie*" ? Are those two words similar enough, to at least consider that they might have been based upon the same original Native-American word --- but, as independently heard, and later 'published' independently, by two different people?

(Additional evidence indicates that both words indeed refer to the Huron River. But it may never be known, for certain, which of those words was more "phonetically authentic", to the actual Native-American word.)



James Smith's specific details about the "*Canesadooharie*" River

After he was captured in Pennsylvania, Smith was taken to east-central "Ohio-country", to a Native-American village which Smith calls "*Tullihas*", (described as being just east of the mouth of the Mohican River, near present-day Walhonding, Ohio). He remained in that general area for a while with his captors, until they assigned him to accompany one "Indian" from there to Lake Erie.

Here is their route, as reported by Smith:

" *We proceeded up the west branch of Muskingum*" [meaning, Mohican River] ..."*to the head-waters of the west branch of Muskingum*" [meaning, Black Fork of the Mohican River] "*and from thence, to the waters of Canesadooharie*" ..." *We came to lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie"... ..."We encamped on a run near the lake"..."the next morning, the lake was only in a moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water." " in the afternoon, we came to a large camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of Canesadooharie"....* [And, after about a week of being at the river's mouth] "*we all embarked in a large birch bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide, and three feet deep, and about five-and-thirty* [35] *feet long --- and though it could carry a heavy burden --- it was so artfully and curiously constructed, that four men could* [potentially] *carry it several miles*"... ..."*We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles and went on shore to hunt; but to my great surprise, they carried the vessel (we all came in), up the bank, and inverted it (or, turned it bottom-up), and converted it to a dwelling-house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves by, and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this 'house' we were very much crowded; yet, this little house turned off the rain very well."*... [And, in that same manner] "*We kept moving and hunting up this river, until we came to the falls*" ["*12' to 15' ft. high*" and "*nearly perpendicular*"] "*where we remained some weeks*"... ..."*From the mouth of this river, to the falls, is about five-and-twenty* [25] *miles."*

{ cont. }

[The 12'-15' high waterfall seems to have been merely a brief 'stop', along their standard route to get to their winter camp site (which Smith roughly estimates to have been about 22 miles east of these "*falls*", and alongside a different river); but the remainder of that route, between the two rivers, was on-foot.]

"They also buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way they took to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season." "Because we had at this time no horse --- everyone got a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles, and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about ten miles, to a large creek that empties into lake Erie, betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga."

(Smith additionally affirms that their purpose for migrating to their winter site, was to be fully prepared there by late-winter, when the maple-tree sap could be collected and made into maple-sugar.)

Based upon Smith's clues about their winter location, it would seem to have been somewhere along the Vermilion River (perhaps near current-day Wakeman or Clarksfield, Ohio).
Several Vermilion River areas were still being utilized for sugar-making purposes every winter, until the early-1800s, by other small groups of Native-Americans.
According to reports from later pioneer-settlers who began to permanently inhabit these areas:

"The last time they visited the place, was in the spring of 1827. They left everything; evidently expecting to return, but they never came again. Their [sap] ***troughs were carefully packed up inside the huts; the doors were tightly closed, and a stick placed against each one, signifying that no one was at home."***

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The remainder of this exposé (Part 1) is included within the text of Col. James Smith's own narrative, here.
(and, see the end-pages, for info about 'Part 2', & '3')

"An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, (late a citizen of Bourbon County, Kentucky,) During his Captivity with the Indians, in the Years 1755, ’56, ’57, ’58, and ’59."

{ from the original 1799 pamphlet edition written by James Smith,
(as later re-published in the anthology,
" Indian Captivities ", by S. Drake); abridged.}

[[newly annotated by T.Derby, 2017]]
[notes within single-brackets, added for easier modern-day “comprehensibility”.]
{Some of the original 'punctuation' has also been modified
for easier modern-day readability.}

Introduction
[from the re-published edition by S. Drake]

More than thirty years have elapsed since the publication of Col. Smith's journal. The only edition ever presented to the public was printed in Lexington, Kentucky, by John Bradford, in 1799. That edition being in pamphlet form, it is presumed that there is not now a dozen entire copies remaining.
A new generation has sprung up, and it is believed the time has now arrived, when a second edition, in a more durable form,will be well received by the public.
The character of Colonel Smith is well known in the western country, especially amongst the veteran pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was a patriot in the strictest sense of the word. His whole life was devoted to the service of his country. Raised, as it were, in the wilderness, he received but a limited education [*] **--- yet nature had endowed him with a vigorous constitution, and a strong and sensible mind; and whether in the camp, or the halls of legislation, he gave ample proofs of being, by practice as well as profession, soldier and a statesman.**
[[* – those statements may be misleading about Smith's actual amount of scholarly-instruction (which clearly seems to have been more substantial than was typical for that time-period and locality).]]
During the war of 1811 and '12, [he] **being then too old to be serviceable in the field, he made a tender of his experience, and** [additionally] **published a treatise on the Indian mode of warfare, (with which** [his own] **sad experience had made him so well acquainted). He died shortly afterward, at the house of a brother-in-law, in Washington County, Kentucky.**
{ abridged }

James Smith, pioneer, was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, in 1737. When he was eighteen years of age he was captured by the Indians, was adopted into one of their tribes, and lived with them as one of themselves until his escape in 1759.
He became a lieutenant under General Bouquet during the expedition against the Ohio Indians in 1764; and was captain of a company of rangers in Lord Dunmore's War.
In 1775 he was promoted to Major of militia.
[Politically] **he served in the Pennsylvania convention in 1776, and in the assembly in 1776-'77. In the latter year, he was commissioned Colonel, in command on the frontiers, and performed distinguished services.**
Smith moved to Kentucky in 1788. He was a member of the Danville convention, and represented Bourbon county for many years in the legislature.
He died in Washington county, Kentucky, in 1812.
The following narrative of his experience as member of an indian tribe, is from his own book entitled "Remarkable Adventures in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith," printed at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1799.
It affords a striking contrast to the terrible experiences of the other captives whose stories are republished in this book [Drake's " Indian Captivities" anthology]**; for he was well treated, and stayed so long with his red captors, that he acquired expert knowledge of their arts and customs, and deep insight into their character.**

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An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, (late[ly] a citizen of Bourbon County, Kentucky,) During his Captivity with the Indians, in the Years 1755, ’56, ’57, ’58, and ’59.

{ from the original 1799 pamphlet edition }

In which the Customs, Manners, Traditions, Theological Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline and Encampments, Treatment of Prisoners, &c. are better explained, and more minutely related, than has been heretofore done by any author on that subject. Together with a description of the Soil, Timber and Waters, where he traveled with the Indians during his captivity. To which is added a brief account of some very uncommon occurrences which transpired after his return from captivity; as well as of the different campaigns carried on against the Indians to the westward of Fort Pitt, since the year 1755, to the present date, 1799.

Written by Himself.

Preface

I was strongly urged to publish the following work immediately after my return from captivity, which was nearly forty years ago --- **but, because at that time the Americans were so little acquainted with Indian affairs,** [therefore] **I was apprehensive that a great part of it would be viewed as fable or romance.**
As, the Indians never attempted to prevent me either from reading or writing -- **I kept a journal, which I revised shortly after my return from captivity, and which I have kept ever since. And** [although] **I have had but a moderate English education**[*]**,** [and, even though I] **have been advised to employ some person of liberal** [amount of] **education to transcribe, and embellish it** --- **but** [however,] **believing that nature always outshines art** -- **I have** [instead] **thought, that** [these] **occurrences truly and plainly stated** [by myself], **as** [accurately as when] **they happened, would make the best history,** [and would] **be better understood, and most entertaining.**

[[* -- Smith was apparently being somewhat modest, in reference to his education. His other personal-writings as a statesman, are as equally well-written as this memoir of his "Indian captivity" --- and also his later, separate, "*Treatise on Indian Warfare*" (publ.1812, by J.R. Lyle).]]

In the different Indian speeches conveyed in this work, I have not only imitated their own style (or mode of speaking), but have also preserved the ideas meant to be communicated in those speeches. In [conveying their] **common conversation,** [however,] **I have used my own style, but preserved their ideas.**

The principal advantage that I expect will result to the public, from the publication of the following sheets, is the observations on the Indian mode of warfare. (Experience has taught the Americans the necessity of adopting their ["Indian"] **mode; and the more perfect we are in that mode, the better we shall be able to defend ourselves against them, when defense is necessary.)**

James Smith.

Bourbon County, June 1st, 1799.

[JAMES SMITH'S NARRATIVE]

In May, 1755, the province of Pennsylvania agreed to send out three hundred men, in order to cut a wagon road from Fort Loudon, to join Braddock's road, near the Turkey-Foot, (or three forks of Yohogania). My brother-in-law, William Smith, Esq., of Conococheague, was appointed commissioner, to have the oversight of these road cutters.

Though I was, at that time, only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady, (whom, I perceived as being possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue); but, being born between Venus and Mars [meaning, on the planet 'Earth'; *], I concluded that I must also leave my dear fair one, and go out with this company of road cutters, to see the event of this campaign, (but, still expecting that some time in the course of this summer, I should again return to the arms of my beloved). [[*- although Smith's wording infers a deeper philosophical meaning.]]

We went on with the [making of the] road, without interruption, until near the Allegheny Mountain --- when I was sent back [on a horse], in order to hurry up some provision-wagons that were on the way, after us. I proceeded down the road, as far as the crossings of Juniata, where, finding that the wagons were coming on as fast as possible, I returned up the road again towards the Allegheny Mountain, in company with one [man, named] Arnold Vigoras.

[James Smith Is Captured]

About four or five miles above Bedford, three Indians had made a 'blind' of bushes, stuck in the ground (as though they grew naturally, there), where they concealed themselves, about fifteen yards from the road. When we came opposite to them, they fired upon us, at this short distance, and killed my fellow traveler --- yet their bullets did not touch me. But, my horse making a violent start, threw me -- and the Indians immediately ran up and took me prisoner.

The one who laid hold on me, was a Canasatauga [[or, *Conestoga*]]; the other two were Delawares. One of them could speak English, and asked me if there were any more white men coming after.

I told them not any near, that I knew of. Two of these Indians stood by me --- whilst the other *scalped* my comrade.
They then [forced me to go with them, and] set off -- and ran at a smart rate through the woods, for about fifteen miles --- and that night, we slept on the Allegheny Mountain, without [a camp-] fire.

The next morning, they divided the last of their provisions (that they had brought from Fort Du Quesne), and gave me an equal share -- which was about two or three ounces of moldy biscuit. This, and a young ground-hog (about as large as a rabbit), roasted, and also equally divided, was all the provision we had until we came to the Loyal Hannan, which was about fifty miles. (A great part of the way we came through exceeding rocky laurel thickets, without any path.) When we came to the west side of Laurel hill, they gave the scalp-halloo, as is usual [or, customary] --- which is a long yell or halloo, for every scalp or prisoner they have in possession.
The last of these scalp-halloos were followed with quick and sudden shrill shouts of joy and triumph.
On their performing this, we were answered by the firing of a number of guns on the Loyal Hannan -- one after another, quicker than one could count, by another party of Indians, (who were

encamped near where Ligoneer now stands). As we advanced near this party, they increased with repeated shouts of joy and triumph -- but [of course] I did not share with them in their excessive mirth.

When we came into this camp, we found they had plenty of turkeys and other meat there --- and, though I never before ate venison without bread or salt -- yet as I was hungry, it relished very well. There we lay that night; and the next morning, the whole of us marched on our way for Fort Du Quesne.
The night afterward, we joined another camp of Indians with nearly the same ceremony --- attended with great noise, and apparent joy among all except one [... me].

[James Smith "runs the gauntlet" (initiation-ceremony / hazing **)]**

The next morning, we continued our march; and in the afternoon, we came in full view of the fort, (which stood on the point, near where Fort Pitt now stands). We then made a halt on the bank of the Allegheny, and repeated the scalp-halloo --- which, was answered (in the aforesaid manner), by the firing of all the firelocks in the hands

of both Indians and French who were in and about the fort -- and also the great guns -- which were followed by the continued shouts and yells of the different savage tribes who were then collected there.

Because I was, at that time, unacquainted with this [customary] mode of firing [of guns] and yelling of the savages -- I concluded that there were thousands of Indians there ready to receive General Braddock's army --- but, what added to my surprise: I saw numbers of them running directly towards me, stripped naked excepting breech clouts -- and painted in the most hideous manner, of various colors (although the principal color was vermillion, or a bright red; but there was annexed to this [also] black, brown, blue, &c.).

As they approached me, they formed themselves into two long ranks [or, rows], about two or three rods apart.
Then, I was told by an Indian (who could speak English), that I must run betwixt these ranks – and, that they would flog me all the way as I ran --- and if I ran quick, it would be so-much-the-better, because they would quit when I got to the end of the ranks.

There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me -- and I started to race with all the resolution and vigor I was capable of exerting --

and found that it was exactly as I had been told --- for, I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines, I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick, (or else the handle of a tomahawk), which caused me to fall to the ground.

On my recovering my senses, I endeavored to renew my race --- but as I arose, someone cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably, until I was, at length, insensible --- but, just before I lost my senses, I remember my wishing them to strike the fatal blow --- for, I thought they intended killing me, (but, I apprehended that they were taking too long about doing it).

[After regaining consciousness,] The first thing I remember was my being inside the fort, amidst the French and Indians --- and a French doctor standing by me (who had opened a vein in my left arm) -- after which, the interpreter asked me how I did. I told him I felt much pain. The doctor then washed my wounds and the bruised places of my body, with French brandy. Because I still felt faint -- and the brandy smelt well -- I asked for some inwardly, but the doctor told me (by the interpreter) that it did not suit my case.

When they found that I again could speak, a number of Indians came around me, and examined me -- with threats of cruel death if I did not tell the truth. The first question they asked me: how many men were there in the party that were coming from Pennsylvania, to join Braddock? I told them the truth, that there were three hundred.

Their next question was: were they well-armed?

I told them that they were all well armed --- but meaning [instead] the arm of flesh --- for, they had only about thirty guns among the whole of them, (which, if the Indians had known, they would certainly have gone and cut them all down; therefore, I could not, in good-conscience, let them know the defenseless situation of these road-cutters).

I was then sent to the hospital, and carefully attended by the doctors --- and recovered quicker than what I expected.

Sometime after I was there, I was visited by the same Delaware Indian, already mentioned, who was there at the taking of me -- and could speak some English. (Athough he poorly spoke English --- yet I found him to be a man of considerable understanding.)

I asked him if I had done anything that had offended the Indians, which caused them to treat me so unmercifully.

He said no, it was only an old custom the Indians had -- that it was like *"how-do-you-do!!"*; but, after that, I would be well-used.

I asked him if I should be permitted to remain with the French.

He said no -- and told me, that as soon as I recovered, that not only must I go with the Indians --- but I must be made into an Indian, myself.

I asked him what news from Braddock's army. He said the Indians spied them every day -- and he showed me, (by making marks on the ground with a stick), that Braddock's army was advancing in very close order -- and that the Indians would surround them, and (as he expressed it) "*shoot um down all one pigeon*".

Shortly after this, (on the 9th day of July, 1755), in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. By then, I could walk with a staff in my hand, so I went out of the door (which was just beside the top of the wall of the fort), and stood upon the wall -- and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate -- where there were barrels of powder, bullets, flints, &c. -- and everyone taking what suited.

I saw the Indians also march off in rank entire; likewise the French Canadians, and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be only about four hundred;

and I wondered why they attempted to go out against Braddock, with so small a party [as this]. I was therefore in high hopes, that I would soon see them flee from the British troops, and that General Braddock would take the fort, and rescue me.

I remained anxious to know the events of this day --- and, in the afternoon, I again observed a great noise and commotion in the fort; and although at that time I could not understand French -- yet I could tell that it was [obviously] the voice of [their own] joy and triumph --- and so, I feared that they had received what I [instead] called 'bad' news.

Because I had observed some of the old country [French] soldiers speak Dutch -- and I likewise spoke some Dutch -- so I went to one of them, and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner [or, spy] had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and they kept a constant firing upon the English --- and that they saw the English falling in heaps, (and, if they did not take to the river – which was the only gap -- and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive, before sundown).

Sometime after this, I heard a number of scalp-halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that, another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, (mostly Indians), and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps.

After this, came another company with a number of wagon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived, kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters --- so, it appeared to me as if the infernal regions [or, "all hell"] had broke loose.

About sundown, I beheld a small party coming in -- with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blackened.

These prisoners, they burned to death on the bank of Allegheny River, opposite to the fort.

I stood on the fort's wall, until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men. They had tied him to a stake, and kept touching him with

firebrands, red-hot irons, &c., and he screamed in a most doleful manner --- the Indians, in the meantime, yelling like infernal spirits. This scene appeared too shocking for me to behold; so I retired to my lodgings --- feeling both sore and sorry. (When I came into my lodgings, I saw a book there, named Russel's Seven Sermons, which they had brought from the field of battle, and which a Frenchman had left here, as a present to me.)

From the best information I could receive, there were only seven Indians and four French killed in this battle --- but five-hundred British lay dead in the field, besides what were [additionally] killed in the river on their retreat.
The morning after the battle, I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort. The same day, I also saw several Indians dressed in British officers' clothing -- with sash, half-moon, laced hats, &c. [that these Indians had plundered from the defeated British soldiers].

A few days after this, the Indians demanded me [from the French soldiers here at Fort Du Quesne] and I was obliged to go with them.
I was not yet well able to march --- but they took me in a canoe up the Allegheny River to an Indian town, that was on the north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne.

Here I remained about three weeks --- and was then taken to another Indian town -- on the west branch of Muskingum, about twenty miles above the forks -- which was called Tullihas, (inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagas, and Mohicans). [[The village "*Tullihas*" seems to have been in the vicinity of the later-day village of Walhonding, Ohio, near the 'mouth' of the Mohican River. ("*Tullihas*" might also be the same village as "Whitewomans town" which is denoted on some mid-1700s maps in approximately that same location). Some historians have wrongly equated "*Tullihas*" as being the same place as "Owls Town" – apparently basing their assumptions upon maps created from the Hutchins' survey. Those maps, in casual perusal, indeed seem to place "Owls town" near that same location. However, the mapmaker had wrongly denoted present-day Jelloway Creek as connecting into the Mohican River to its north. But, careful re-examination of the maps of Hutchins' survey, instead places "Owls town" about 7 miles east of present-day Mount Vernon, Ohio --- and therefore "*Tullihas*" was not the same place as "Owls town".]]

(On our route betwixt the aforesaid towns, the country was chiefly black oak and white oak land; and which appeared generally to be good [potential for] wheat land --- it being chiefly [agricultural quality] second-and-third-rate, intermixed with some [first-rate, high-quality] rich bottom-lands.)

[[Throughout Smith's travels here in the "Ohio-country", he was consciously also assessing the general suitability for future pioneer-settlement, of these various areas. (In fact, Smith's continual notations about settlement-suitability, are very similar to the style of later professional surveyors' notes about the quality of these same lands.)]]

[James Smith's "Indian" Baptism]

The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected around me --- and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head.

He had some ashes on a piece of bark, into which he frequently dipped his fingers, (to take a firmer hold); and so he went on -- such as if he had been plucking a turkey -- until he had almost all of the hair removed, clean off my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square, on my crown. This, they cut (with a pair of scissors) mostly off -- excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode: two of these, they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter (made by themselves for that purpose); and the other they plaited [or, braided] at full length, and then stuck it full of silver brooches. After this, they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose jewels.

Then, they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout [loincloth], which I did; they then painted my head, face, and body, in various colors. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm.

Then an old chief led me out in the street, and gave the alarm halloo -- “coo-wigh” -- several times, repeated quick --- and, upon that, all that were in the town came running, and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand, in their midst.
(Because I, at that time, knew nothing of their mode of adoption --- but had only seen them put to death all they had taken, and I never observed that they saved a man alive, at Braddock’s defeat --- I again made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner.)

The old chief, holding me by the hand, made a long speech, (very loud).

And when he had ended, he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand, down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our waists. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water -- but I did not understand them.
(I thought that the verdict of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be my executioners.)
They all three laid violent hold of me --- and I, for some time, opposed them with all of my might --- which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. Eventually, one of the squaws made-out to speak a little English, and said, "*no hurt you*".

On this, I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word --- for, although they plunged me under water and washed and rubbed me severely, but I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads; likewise a pair of moccasins, and garters (adorned with beads, porcupine quills, and red hair), also a tinsel-laced cappo. They again painted my head and face with various colors -- and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, (which stood up five or six inches).

They seated me on a bearskin, and gave me a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat-skin pouch (which had been skinned in a pocket fashion) and contained tobacco and killegenico (or, dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco); also [fire-starters] spunk, flint, and steel.

When I was thus seated, the Indians came in --- dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in, they took their seats --- and for a considerable time there was a profound silence --- everyone was smoking, but not a word was spoken among them.

At length, one of the chiefs made a speech --- which was delivered to me by an interpreter, and was [essentially] as followeth:

"My son – you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe. You are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity, in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us, by an old strong law and custom."

"My son – you have now nothing to fear; we are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you -- that we are, to love and to defend one-another; therefore, you are to consider yourself as one of our people."

At this time, I did not believe this fine speech --- especially the part about the white blood being washed out of me.

(But, since that time, I have found that there was much sincerity in that speech --- for, from that day forward , I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves in any aspect whatever, until I left them. If they had plenty of clothing, I had plenty; if we were scarce [of anything], we all shared one fate.)

After this ceremony was over, I was introduced to my new kin --- and was told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did.
And (as was their custom), they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon, which I carried with me to the place where there was a number of large brass kettles full of boiled venison and green corn.
Every one advanced with his bowl and spoon, and had his share given him. After this, one of the chiefs made a short speech; and then we began to eat.
The name of one of the chiefs in this town, was Tecanyaterighto (alias "Pluggy"); and the other [chief] Asallecoa (alias "Mohawk Solomon"). Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to war, to "*the frontiers of Virginia*" --- so, the next thing to be performed was the war dance, and their war songs.
(At their war dance, they had both vocal music, and instrumental: they had a short hollowed-out gum[-tree section], closed at one end, with water in it -- and parchment stretched over its open end – which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum).
All those who were going on this expedition, then collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, (such as the ancients formerly timed their music, by beating on a tabor).

On this, the warriors began to advance, or move forward, (all in-concert, like well-disciplined troops would march to the fife-and-drum). Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear, or war-mallet in his hand -- and they all moved regularly towards the east, (or, toward the way they intended to go to war). At length, they all stretched their [arms with their] tomahawks, towards the [direction of the] Potomac --- and then, with a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled-quick-about --- and danced in the same manner, back.

Next, was the war song: in performing this, only one each sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand --- while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud, "*he-uh, he-uh*", (which they constantly repeated while the war song was going on).

When the warrior that was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk; and, with a loud voice, told what warlike exploits he had done, and what he now intended to do, (which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts-of-applause).

Some who had not before intended to go to war, at this time, were so animated by this performance, that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war song --- which was answered with shouts of joy, (as, they were then initiated into the present marching company).

The next morning, this company all collected at one place -- with their heads and faces painted with various colors – and packs upon their backs. They marched off, all silent, except the commander, who, in the front, sung the traveling song, (which began in this manner: "*hoo caughtainte heegana*").

Just as the rear passed the end of the town, they began to fire their guns, in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

This evening, I was invited to another sort of dance --- which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune, (or, started the song), held a small gourd, (a dry shell of a squash), in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled. When he began to sing, he timed the tune with his rattle. Men and women, both, danced and sang together, advancing towards each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together --- and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again --- and repeated the same thing over-and-over, for three or four hours, without intermission.

This exercise appeared to me, at first, irrational and insipid.
But I found, that in singing their tunes, they used "*ya, ne, no, hoo, wa, ne*", &c., similarly like our "fa, sol, la" --- and, though they have no such thing such as jingling verse – yet they can intermix sentences with their notes -- and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune, simultaneously.
I found, that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance --- and, (as they advanced, stooping with their heads together), they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music --- and all the others not hear what they said.

Shortly after this, I went out to hunt, in company with Mohawk Solomon, and some of the Caughnewagas, and a Delaware Indian (who was married to a Caughnewaga squaw). We traveled about south, from this town -- and the first night we killed nothing, (but, we had with us, green corn which we roasted and ate that night).
The next day, we encamped about twelve o'clock; and the hunters turned out to hunt. But I went down the creek that we encamped on, in company with some squaws and boys, to hunt plums, (which we found in great plenty).

On my return to our camp, I observed a large piece of fat meat.
The Delaware Indian, (who could speak some English), observed me looking earnestly at this meat, and asked me, "*what meat you think that is?*". I said that I supposed it was 'bear' meat.
He laughed, and said, "*ha, all one fool, you --- beal now elly pool*" [meaning,"bear now very poor" or, scarce]; and, pointing to the other side of the camp, he said, "*look at it skin -- you think it beal skin?*".
I went and lifted the skin, (which looked like an ox-hide); he then said, "*what skin you think that?*". I replied that I thought it was a buffalo hide. He laughed, and said, "*you fool again, you know nothing -- you think buffalo* [is] *that colo?*". I acknowledged I did not know much about these things, and told him I never saw a buffalo, and that I had not heard what color they were. He replied, "*by and by, you shall see gleat many buffalo -- he now go to gleat lick.*
[But] *That skin, no buffalo skin --- that skin, buck-elk skin*".
Then they went out with horses, and brought in the remainder of this buck-elk, (which was the fattest creature I ever saw, of the tallow kind).
We continued to stay at this camp about eight or ten days, (and killed a number of deer). Though we had neither bread nor salt at this time, but we had both roast and boiled meat in great plenty --- and they were frequently inviting me to eat even when I had no appetite.

We then moved to the buffalo salt-lick --- here we killed several buffalo. And, in their small brass kettles, they made about half a bushel of salt [from the salt-lick]. Around this lick was clear, open woods, and thin white oak land -- and at that time, there were large "roads" leading to the lick, (like wagon roads). (I suppose this lick was about thirty or forty miles [southerly] from the aforesaid town; and somewhere between the Muskingum, the Ohio, and the Sciota.) We moved from this lick about six or seven miles, and encamped on a creek.

Though the Indians had given me a gun --- I had not yet been permitted to go out from the camp to hunt. At this place, Mohawk Solomon asked me to go out with him to hunt, (which I readily agreed to). After some time, we came upon some fresh buffalo tracks. (I had observed, before this, that the Indians were upon their guard, and afraid of an enemy --- for, until now, they and the southern nations had been at war.) While we were following the buffalo tracks, Solomon seemed to be upon his guard, went very slowly, and would frequently stand and listen -- and appeared to be in suspense.

We came to where the tracks were very plain in the sand; and I said "it is surely buffalo tracks". He said, "*hush, you know nothing -- may be buffalo tracks --- or, may be Catawba"* [enemy warriors].

He went very cautiously -- until we found some fresh buffalo dung.
Then he smiled, and said, "*Catawba cannot make so*".
He then told me an odd story about the Catawbas:
He said, that formerly the Catawbas came near one of their hunting camps --- and, (at some distance from the camp), lay in ambush there; and, (in order to decoy them out of the camp), in the night, two or three of these Catawbas were sent past their camp --- but, with buffalo hoofs affixed on their feet, (so as to make artificial tracks). In the morning, the members of the camp followed these tracks, thinking they were buffalo --- until they were fired upon, and several of them were killed by the Catawbas. The others fled, and gathered a party together, and pursued the Catawbas. But, the Catawbas, (in their subtlety), had brought with them rattlesnake poison (which they had collected from the bladder that lieth at the root of the snake's teeth) -- this they had corked up in a short piece of a cane-stalk. They had also brought with them, small cane or reed, (about the size of a rye-straw), which they made sharp at the end,and then dipped in this poison --- and stuck them in the ground among the grass, along their own tracks -- in such a position that they might stick into the legs of the pursuers; which, indeed, answered the design. The Catawbas also had runners [spies], behind, to watch the motion of the pursuers ---

and when the Catawbas saw that a number of the victims were lame (after being artificially snake bit), and, that the others were all retreating -- the Catawbas turned upon the pursuers, and defeated them -- and killed and scalped all that were lame. – – –

When Solomon had finished this story, (and, found that I understood him), he concluded by saying, "*you don't know -- Catawba velly bad Indian --- Catawba all one devil, Catawba*".

[James Smith gets lost in the woods]

Sometime after this, I was told to take the dogs with me, and go down the creek, (so perhaps that I might shoot a turkey). It being in the afternoon -- I was also told not to go far from the creek, and to come up the creek again to the camp; and to take care not to get lost.

When I had gone some distance down the creek, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks. Since I had a number of dogs with me to stop the buffalo -- and the grass and weeds were rank, so I could readily follow their tracks --- I concluded I would follow after, and kill one.

But, a little before sundown, I finally despaired of intercepting them; and I was then thinking how I might get back to the camp, before night.

Because the buffalo had made several turns, I therefore concluded if I took my same track back to the creek, then it would be long after dark before I could get to our camp --- so, I attempted to take a nearer way through the hills, (and to strike the creek a little below the camp).
But -- it was cloudy weather, and I was a very young woodsman -- so I could find neither creek nor camp. When night came on, I fired my gun several times, and hallooed --- but, received no answer.

Early the next morning, the Indians were out after me; and they readily followed my track, (especially because I had about dozen dogs with me; and the grass and weeds rank).
When they came upon me, they appeared to be in very good-humor.
I asked Mohawk Solomon if he thought that I was running away.
He said, "*no, no -- you go velly clookt*" [very crooked / too erratically].

Upon my return to our camp, they took my gun from me. (And so, for this rash step, I was reduced to a bow and arrows, for nearly two years.)

We were out on this tour for about six weeks.
When we returned to the town [of "*Tullihas*"], Pluggy and his party had arrived, and brought with them a considerable number of scalps and prisoners from the south branch of the Potomac.

They also brought with them an English Bible, which they gave to a Dutch woman who was a prisoner; but, because she could not read English, she made a present of it to me, (which was very acceptable).

I remained in this town until sometime in October, when my [newly-] adopted 'brother', called Tontileaugo, (who had married a Wyandot squaw), took me with him to lake Erie.
We proceeded [from "*Tullihas*"] up the west branch of the Muskingum.
[[“west branch”, meaning later-named Mohican River]]
(For some distance along the river, the land was hilly, but intermixed with large bodies of tolerable rich upland, and excellent bottoms.)

We proceeded on, to the head waters of the west branch of Muskingum.
[[“*head waters*” is undoubtedly a reference to the Mohican River's far-western 'Black Fork'.]]
{ The short portage-path from the 'head' of that Black Fork, to the 'head' of the Huron River, was along the main trail for this area. A journal kept by Major Robert Rogers during his circa-1761 expedition along this 'Black Fork', refers to it as "*Moskongum creek*" --- but his leutenant (and surveyor) Thomas Hutchins, denoted it as "*the principal N.W. branch of the Muskingum*", (which is how Col. James Smith also repeatedly refers to it).}

Because Tontileaugo could not speak English, I had to make use of all the Caughnewaga which I had learned --- even to talk very imperfectly with him; but I found that I learned to talk 'Indian' faster this way, than when I had those with me who could speak English.

(On the head waters of this branch, and from thence to the waters of Canesadooharie [[Huron River (see further notes)]], there is a large body of rich, well-lying land. The timber is ash, walnut, sugar tree, buckeye, honey-locust, and cherry, intermixed with some oak, hickory, &c. This tour was at the time while the black haws were ripe, and we were seldom out of sight of them; they were common here, both in the bottoms and upland.)

On this route, we had no horses with us --- and when we had started [on foot] from the town ["*Tullihas"*], all the pack I carried was a pouch containing my books, a little dried venison, and my blanket. I had, then, no gun; but Tontileaugo, (who was a first-rate hunter), carried a rifle gun -- and every day killed deer, raccoons, or bears. We left the meat behind, excepting a little for present use --- and carried the skins with us until we encamped; and then, stretched them with elm bark, (in a frame made with poles stuck in the ground, and tied together with lynn or elm bark) -- and when the skins were dried by the fire, we packed them up and carried them with us the next day.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters, our packs increased by the skins that were daily killed --- and became so very heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles per day.

We came to lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie.
[[In other historical sources, the word "Canesadooharie" was alternately spelled "Guahadahuri" (also called "Bald Eagle creek") – being the Huron River.]] { The '1755' map by Evans, accurately shows the 'mouth' of the “Guahadahuri” as being approx. one-fifth of the way between Sandusky Bay and the Cuyahoga River. (Some other, slightly-later maps, erroneously denote “Bald Eagle creek” and the “Guahadahuri” as being two separate rivers.)}

The wind was very high on the evening we came to the lake.
I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water, and see the high waves that dashed against the shore, like the ocean.
We encamped on a run near the lake; and (because the wind fell that night), the next morning, the lake was only in a moderate motion --- so we marched on the sand along the side of the water, frequently resting ourselves, (as, we were heavily laden).
On the sand, I saw a number of large fish, that had been left in flat or hollow places. (After the wind fell and the waves abated, they were left without water, or only a small quantity --- and, numbers of bald and grey eagles, &c., were along the shore, devouring them.)

Sometime in the afternoon, we came to a large camp of Wyandots [*], at the mouth of Canesadooharie, (where Tontileaugo’s wife was).

Here, we were kindly received. They gave us a kind of rough, brown potatoes, which grew spontaneously, and were called (by the Caughnewagas) "*ohnenata*". (These, peeled and dipped in raccoon's fat, taste nearly like our sweet-potatoes.)
They also gave us what they call "*caneheanta*" --- which is a kind of hominy, made of green corn (dried), and beans, mixed together.

[[*- the "Wyandot" tribe in this general area, were seasonally headquartered on the south side of Sandusky Bay --- but periodically encamped elsewhere, such as this group, composed of "*eight hunters – and thirteen squaws, boys, and children*".)]]

(From the head waters of Canesadooharie to this place, the land is generally good; chiefly first-or-second-rate, and, comparatively little-or-no third-rate. The only refuse is some swamps that appear to be too wet for use; but, I surmise that a number of them, if drained, would make excellent meadows. The timber is black oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, black ash, white ash, water ash, buckeye, black-locust, honey-locust, sugar-tree, and elm. There is also some land -- though comparatively small -- where the timber is chiefly white oak, or beech; this may be called third-rate.
In the bottoms, and also many places in the upland, there is a large quantity of wild apple, plum, and red and black haw trees. It all appeared to be well-watered; and a plenty of meadow ground, intermixed with upland, but no large prairies or glades, that I saw or heard of.)

In this route, deer, bear, turkeys, and raccoons appeared plenty, but no buffalo, and very little sign of elks.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie, for some time, (where we killed some deer, and a great many raccoons -- the raccoons here were remarkably large and fat).

At length, we all embarked in a large birch-bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide, and three feet deep, and about five-and-thirty feet long --- and, though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed, that four men could carry it several miles, (from one landing place to another, [upon the portage-paths] from the waters of lake Erie, to the waters of the Ohio river).

We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles, and went on shore to hunt --- but to my great surprise, they carried this vessel up the bank, and inverted it (or, turned the bottom up), and converted it into a dwelling-house --- and kindled a fire before us, to warm ourselves by, and cook.

With our baggage and ourselves in this “house”, we were very much crowded --- yet our little [canoe-] house turned-off the rain very well.

[In that same manner,] we kept moving and hunting up this river, until we came to the falls [*] --- here we remained some weeks, (and killed a number of deer, several bears, and a great many raccoons).

From the mouth of this river to the falls is about five-and-twenty miles.

[[*- Additionally, Smith further describes these "*falls*" as being "*12 or 15*" feet high, (roughly double the height of an adult male). However, (despite Smith's keen intellect being clearly demonstrated throughout his entire narrative), a 19th-Century historian, named Darlington, irrationally theorized that Smith had instead greatly underestimated a 40' height, (more than six-times higher than an average adult male), to merely be a "*12 or 15*" feet height. See more about Darlington's several faulty assumptions, below.]]

(On our passage up, I was not much out from the river -- but what I saw was good land, and not hilly. About the falls, is thin chestnut land, which is almost the only chestnut timber I ever saw in this country.)

While we remained here, I left my pouch with my books, in the camp (wrapt up in my blanket) --- and went out to hunt chestnuts.

On my return to our camp, my books were missing.

I asked the Indians if they knew where they were; they told me that they supposed the puppies had carried them off. I did not believe them --- instead I thought that they were displeased at my poring over my books -- and so I concluded that they had destroyed them, or [at least had] put them [hidden] out of my way.

After this, I was again out [foraging] after nuts --- and, on my return, I beheld a new, crudely-erected structure, composed of two white-oak saplings, that were forked about twelve feet high, and stood about fifteen feet apart. They had cut these two saplings off, (just above those forks), and laid a strong pole across, (which appeared to be in the form of a gallows). The poles, they had shaved very smooth, and had painted with vermillion, in places. I could not conceive the use of this piece of work --- and, therefore, I concluded that it must be a gallows. (I thought that I had displeased them by reading my books, and that they were intending about putting me to death.)

The next morning, however, I observed them bringing their skins all to this place, and hanging them over this pole, so as to preserve them from being injured by the weather. (This removed my fears.)

They also buried their large canoe in the ground -- which is the way they took to preserve this type of canoe, during the winter season.

Afterward, everyone got a pack on his back, (as, we had at this time, no horse), and we steered [walking] an east course about twelve miles, and encamped. The next morning, we proceeded on the same course about ten miles, to a large creek that empties into lake Erie, (betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga [[Cuyahoga River]]).

Here, they made their winter cabin, in the following form:
they cut logs about fifteen feet long -- and laid these logs upon each other, (and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together -- these posts they tied together at the top with bark) --- and by this means, raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high. And, in the same manner, they raised another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance.
Then, (in the centre of each end), they drove [tree-] forks in the ground, and laid a strong pole from end-to-end on these forks.
From the walls to these long poles, they laid shorter poles (in place of rafters); and on these, they tied small poles (in place of laths).
A cover [roof] was made of lynn bark (which, will run [or, strip off] even in the winter season). Because every tree will not run [suitably], they examine the tree, by first attempting it near the ground; and when they find if it will do, they fell the tree, and raise the bark with the tomahawk, (starting near the top of the tree), about five or six inches broad -- then put the tomahawk handle under this bark, and pull it along, (down to the butt of the tree) --- so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long. This bark, they cut at suitable lengths, in order to cover the hut.
At the ends of the walls, they set up split timber --- so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end.

At the top, (in place of a chimney), they left an open place --- and from end-to-end of this hut, along the middle, there were fires, (which the squaws made of dry, split wood).

For bedding, they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, upon which they spread bear-skins.

Anywhere holes or open places appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, (which they collected from old logs); and at the door they hung a bear-skin --- and, notwithstanding that the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than what I expected.

{ The Williams Bros.1879 '*History of Lorain County, Ohio*' carelessly misquotes the above several statements by Smith. That 1879 'history' erroneously indicates that this winter cabin was constructed very near the "*falls*" --- instead of actually being on an entirely different river, roughly about 22 ("*twelve*" plus "*ten*") miles eastward of those 'falls', as per Smith, above).

But, worse, that same 'history' unequivocally places Smith's "*falls*" in the entirely wrong place --- on the wrong river (the Black River). That specific mistake initially likely stemmed from the false presumptions presented by Darlington in his '1870' published version of Smith's narrative; (although, slightly prior to Darlington, a few other historians had publicly begun to theorize that the Black River was a tentative possibility --- but never unequivocally).

Subsequently, almost all later historians (including many 21st-Century "historians") of Lorain County (and etc.), merely parroted the same errors from the Williams' Bros. book. }

It was sometime in December [1755] when we finished this winter cabin. But -- when we had got into this comparatively fine lodging, another difficulty arose --- we had nothing to eat.

(While I was traveling only with Tontileaugo, as was before mentioned --- and we had plenty of fat venison, bear's-meat and raccoons -- I thought then it was hard living without bread or salt. But now, I began to conclude that if I had merely anything that would banish pinching hunger, and keep soul and body together, I would be content.)

While the hunters were all out, exerting themselves to the utmost of their ability --- the squaws, and the boys (in which class, I was), were scattered out in the bottoms, hunting red haws, black haws and hickory nuts. Because it was too late in the year, we did not succeed in gathering haws --- but we had tolerable success in scratching up hickory nuts (from under a light snow), which we carried with us, lest the hunters should not succeed.

After our return, the hunters came in -- who had killed only two small turkeys (which were meager, among eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys, and children); but they were divided with the greatest equity and justice --- everyone got their equal share.

The next day, the hunters turned out again, and killed one deer and three bears. (One of the bears was very large and remarkably fat.)

The hunters carried in [part of the] meat, sufficient to give us all a hearty supper and breakfast.

Afterward, the squaws and all who could carry, turned out to bring in [the rest of the] meat --- everyone had their share assigned them -- and my load was among the least heavy -- but, not being accustomed to carrying, in this way -- I got exceeding weary, and told them my load was too heavy, and that I must leave part of it and come for it again.

They made a halt, and only laughed at me -- and took part of my load and added it to a young squaw's -- who already had as much, before, as I carried.

(This kind of reproof had a greater tendency to excite [or, motivate] me to exert myself in carrying without complaining -- than if they had whipped me for laziness.)

After this, the hunters held a council, and concluded that they must have horses to carry their loads --- and so they would go to war, (even in this inclement season), in order to bring in some horses.

Tontileaugo wished to be one of those who should go to war; but the votes went against him. (He was one of our best hunters, so it was thought necessary to leave him at this winter camp to provide for the squaws and children.)

It was agreed upon, that Tontileaugo and three others should stay and hunt --- and the other four go to war.

They then began to go through their common ceremony. They sung their war songs, danced their war dances, &c.

And when they were equipped, they went off --- singing their marching song, and firing their guns.

Our camp appeared to be rejoicing - - but I was grieved to think that some innocent persons would be murdered.

After the departure of these warriors, we had hard times -- and, although we were not altogether out of provisions, we were brought to short allowance.

At length, Tontileaugo had considerable success; and so we had meat brought into our camp, sufficient to last ten days.

Tontileaugo then took me with him, in order to encamp some distance away, to try his luck there. We carried no provisions with us --- he said he would leave what was there, for the squaws and children --- and that we could shift for ourselves.

We steered about a south course up the waters of this creek, and encamped about ten or twelve miles [southerly] from the winter cabin.

But it was still cold weather, and a crust upon the snow, (which made a noise as we walked, and alarmed the deer), so we could kill nothing, and consequently went to sleep without supper. Therefore, the only chance we had under these circumstances, was to hunt bear holes. (The bears, about Christmas, search out a winter lodging place, where they lie there about three or four months without eating or drinking. This may appear, to some, as incredible; but it is well-known to be the case, by those who live in the remote western parts of North America.)

The next morning, early, we proceeded on; and whenever we found a tree [which had been] scratched (by bears climbing up), and also had a hole in the tree sufficiently large for the reception of a bear --- we then felled a sapling or small tree, against or near the hole -- and it was my business to climb up and drive out the bear, (while Tontileaugo stood ready with his gun and bow).

We went on in this manner, until evening, without success; but, at length, we found a scratched large elm with a hole in it, about forty feet up --- but with no tree near it, suitable for easily reaching the hole.

There was a tree that had grown somewhat near the elm, and extended up near the hole -- but it leaned the wrong way, so that we could not [reach or] lodge it to advantage. So, to remedy this inconvenience, Tontileaugo got a long pole, and some dry rotten wood, (which he tied

in bunches, with bark). This rotten wood, he tied to his belt --- and, to one end of the pole, he tied a hook and another piece of rotten wood, which he lit on fire, (as, it would retain fire [or, smolder] almost like spunk). He climbed up this tree -- and carried with him, his rotten wood, fire and pole. As he went up, he reached from limb-to-limb with the hook. When he got up, he used the pole to put fire into the other tree's hole. After he had put it in, he heard a bear snuff [or, snort] -- and then he came speedily down, took his gun in his hand, and waited until the bear would come out --- but it was some time before it appeared. When it did appear, he attempted taking sight with his rifle --- but, (it being then too dark to see the sights), he set it down by a tree -- and instantly bent his bow, took hold of an arrow, and shot the bear, (a little behind the shoulder). I was preparing also to shoot an arrow, but he called to me to stop because there was no occasion --- and with that, the bear fell to the ground.

Being very hungry, we kindled a campfire; and cut open the bear, took out the liver, and wrapped some of the caul fat round, and put it on a wooden spit, (which we stuck in the ground by the fire to roast) --- then we skinned the bear, got our kettle on -- and had both roast and boiled, and also sauce on our meat --- which appeared to me to be delicate [or, “gourmet”] fare.

After I was fully satisfied, I went to sleep -- but Tontileaugo awoke me, saying: come, eat hearty, we have got meat plenty now.

The next morning, we cut down a lynn tree, peeled its bark, and made a snug little shelter, (facing the southeast, with a large log betwixt us and the northwest). We made a good fire before us, and scaffolded up our meat at one side. When we had finished our camp, we went out to hunt again. First we searched two trees for bears, but to no purpose. But, the snow thawed a little in the afternoon, so Tontileaugo was able to kill a deer, which we carried with us to our camp.

The next day, we again went out to hunt; and near our camp, we found a tree well-scratched --- but the hole was above forty feet high, and no other tree that we could lodge against the hole. However, finding that this bear tree was very hollow, we concluded that we could cut it down with our tomahawks, (which kept us working a considerable part of the day). When the tree fell, we ran up --- Tontileaugo with his gun and bow -- and I with my bow, ready bent. Tontileaugo shot the bear through with his rifle, a little behind the shoulders. (I also shot, but too far away; my arrow penetrated only a few inches through the skin.)

Having killed an old she-bear, (and three cubs), we hauled her on the snow to the camp, and only had time afterwards to get wood, make a fire, cook, &c., before dark.

Early the next morning, we went to business --- searched several trees, but found no more bears. On our way home, we took three raccoons out of a hollow elm, not far from the ground.

We remained here about two weeks --- and in this time, killed four bears, three deer, several turkeys and a number of raccoons.

We packed up as much meat as we could carry -- and returned to our winter cabin. On our arrival, there was great joy, (because they were all in a starving condition; the three hunters that we left there, had killed very little). Later, all who could carry a pack, went to the [temporary] camp, to bring in [the remainder of the] meat.

Sometime in February [1756] the four warriors returned -- with six horses (and, two scalps) taken from the frontiers of Pennsylvania.

Our hunters could then scatter out a considerable distance from the winter cabin --- and encamp, kill meat, and bring it in, upon horses --- so that we commonly after this, had plenty of provision.

In this month, we began to make [maple-] sugar.
Because some of the elm bark will strip at this season -- the squaws, (after finding a tree that would do), cut it down --- and (with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end), took the bark off the tree --- and, of this bark, made vessels in a curious manner, (that would hold about two gallons each). (They made above one hundred of these kind of vessels.)
In the [maple] sugar tree, they cut a notch, (sloping down) -- and at the end of the notch, they struck with a tomahawk. In the spot where the tomahawk struck, they drove a long chip, which carried the sap-water out from the tree -- and under this they set their vessel to receive it.
They also made bark vessels for carrying this water, (that would hold about four gallons each). They had two brass kettles, (that held about fifteen gallons each), and other smaller kettles in which they boiled this water. But they could not, at times, boil away this water as fast as it was collected – so they made more vessels of bark, (that would hold about one-hundred gallons each), for retaining this water. The sugar trees did not run every day, but there was always a quantity of this [collected] water, sufficient to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.
(The way we commonly used our [maple-] sugar while encamped, was by putting it in bear's-fat, until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself -- and in this we dipped our roasted venison.)

About this time, some of the Indian lads and myself were employed in making and attending traps for catching raccoons, foxes, wildcats, &c.

(While the squaws were employed in making sugar --- the boys and men were engaged in hunting and trapping.)

Because the raccoon is a kind of water animal, that frequents the runs (or, small water courses) almost the whole night -- we made our traps on the runs, by laying [or, stacking] one small sapling on another, and driving in posts to keep them [stacked]. The under-sapling, we raised about eighteen inches, and 'set' it --- so that upon the raccoon's touching a string or a small piece of bark, the sapling [stack] would fall and kill it; (and, lest the raccoon should pass by, we laid brush on both sides of the run, only leaving the channel open).

The fox traps we made nearly in the same manner, at the end of a hollow log, or opposite to a hole at the root of a hollow tree --- and put venison on a stick for bait. We had it set so that when the fox took hold of the meat, the trap fell.

About the latter end of March [1756], we began to prepare for moving into town [*], in order to plant corn. [[*- "*Sunyendeand*", near Sandusky Bay]]
The squaws were then frying the last of their bear's-fat -- and making vessels to hold it. These vessels were made of deer-skins, which were skinned by pulling it off of the neck, and without ripping the skin.
(After they had taken off the hair), they gathered this neck skin into small plaits -- and with a string, drew-it-together (like a purse); in the centre, a pin was put, and below which they tied a string -- and while it was still wet, they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, (when it resembled nearly the [cone] shape of a sugar loaf, but more rounded at the lower end). Each one of these vessels would hold about four or five gallons of bear's-oil.

When all things were ready, we moved [briefly] back to the falls of Canesadooharie.

(In this return-route, the land is chiefly first-and-second-rate; but too much meadow ground, in proportion to the upland. The timber is white ash, elm, black oak, cherry, buckeye, sugar tree, lynn, mulberry, beech, white oak, hickory, wild apple tree, red haw, black haw, and spicewood bushes. There is, in some places, spots of beech timber, which spots may be called third-rate land.

Buckeye, sugar tree and spicewood are common in the woods here. There is in some places large swamps too wet for any use.)

On our arrival at the falls, the canoe we had buried, was not sufficient to carry all [to "*Sunyendeand* " village], (because we had brought with us on horseback about two hundred weight of sugar, and a large quantity of bear's-oil, skins, &c.),; so, we were obliged to make another one, of elm bark.

While we lay [or, waited] here, a young Wyandot found my books. On this discovery, they all collected together --- but I was a little way from the camp when I saw [them all grouped there], and I did not know what it meant. They called for me, by my Indian name, (which was "*Scoouwa*"), repeatedly. I ran to see what was the matter. They showed me my books, and they said they were glad that they had been found -- and that they knew I was grieved at the loss of them, and that they now rejoiced with me.

I could, by then, speak some of the Caughnewaga language. (Both that and the Wyandot tongue, were spoken in this camp.) So, I told them that I thanked them for finding my books, (and also, for the kindness that they had always shown to me).

They asked me if the books were damaged. I told them not much. They then showed me how they lay -- which luckily was in the best manner to turn off the water. (In a deer-skin pouch, they had lay all winter; the print was not much injured, though the binding was.) This was the first time that I felt my heart warm towards the Indians. Although they had been exceedingly kind to me --- I still had detested them before, (on account of the barbarity I beheld after Braddock's defeat). Neither had I ever before pretended kindness nor expressed myself in a friendly manner --- but I began now to excuse the Indians, on account of their [general] lack of information.

When we were all finally ready to embark, Tontileaugo would not go along with them to town; but he instead decided to go upriver, and take a hunt. He asked me if I chose to go with him. I told him I did. We then got some sugar, bear's-oil (bottled up in a bear's-gut), and some dry venison, which we packed up --- and we went up the Canesadooharie, [upriver / southerly from the falls] about thirty miles, and encamped. [[Therefore, in southern-most modern-day Huron County, (and also perhaps somewhat into northern modern-day Richland County).]] At this time, I did not know either the day of the week or the month; but I supposed it to be about the first of April [1756].

We had considerable success in our business. We also found some stray horses, (a stallion, a mare, and a young colt) -- and, although they had been in the woods all winter, they were in exceeding good-order. (There is plenty of grass here all winter, under the snow --- and horses which have become accustomed to the woods, can work it out [to eat it]. These horses had run free in the woods, until they had become very wild.) Tontileaugo one night concluded that we must run them down [to catch]. I told him I thought we could not accomplish it. But he said he had run down bears, buffaloes, and elks --- and, in the great plains, (with only a small snow on the ground), he had run down a deer. And so, he thought that in one whole day, he could tire-out or run down any four-footed animal except a wolf. But I told him, that although a deer was the swiftest animal to run a short distance --- yet it would tire sooner than a horse would. He said he would regardless try the experiment. And, he had heard the Wyandots say that I could run well --- so now he would see whether I could, or not. I told him that I never had run all day -- and of course was not accustomed to that way of running -- and I never had run with the Wyandots more than seven or eight miles at one time. He said that was nothing --- we must either catch these horses, or run all day.

In the very early morning, we left camp. About sunrise, we began chasing after them --- stripped naked excepting breech-clouts and moccasins. About ten o'clock, I lost sight of both Tontileaugo and the horses -- and did not see them again until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Because the horses ran all day, in an area about three or four miles square --- at length, they passed where I was -- so I closely fell-in after them. And, (since I already, in the interim, had a long rest), I endeavored to keep ahead of Tontileaugo; and soon, I could hear him behind me, calling "*chakoh, chakoanaugh*", (which signifies, "pull away or do your best"). We pursued onward -- and, after a while, Tontileaugo passed me. But, about an hour before sundown, we finally despaired of catching these horses, and returned to our camp, (where we had left our clothes).

I reminded Tontileaugo of what I had told him; he replied he did not know what horses could do -- they are wonderful strong to run.
But withal, we [indeed seem to have] made them very tired.
Tontileaugo then concluded he would do as the Indians did with wild horses when out at war, (which is to shoot them through the neck under the mane, and above the bone -- which will cause them to fall, and lie there until they can halter them -- and then they recover again).

This he attempted to do. But, because the mare had become so wild, he could not get sufficiently near, to shoot her in the proper place --- he shot anyway -- but the ball passed too low, and killed her.
However, as a result, the stallion and the colt stayed at her side --- so, we caught and took him and the colt with us, to the camp.

We stayed at this camp about two weeks, (and killed a number of bears, raccoons, and some beavers).

We made a canoe of elm bark, and Tontileaugo embarked in it.
He arrived at the falls that night; whilst I, mounted on horseback, (with a bear's-skin saddle, and bark stirrups), proceeded by land to the falls. I came there the next morning, and we carried our canoe and loading, past the falls.
The river is very rapid for some distance above the falls, which are about twelve or fifteen feet, nearly perpendicular.

[[– "*nearly perpendicular*", certainly meaning "slightly angled" --- but definitely not meaning a straight-downward precipice such as the two "falls" within modern-day Elyria, Ohio -- which were also known historically to be at least 40 feet high --- and therefore obviously not reasonably similar to the "*twelve or fifteen feet*" falls carefully described here, by Smith (despite later "historians" insisting otherwise).]]

This river, called Canesadooharie, interlocks with the West Branch of Muskingum, and runs nearly a north course; and empties into the south side of lake Erie, about eight [*] miles east from [“little lake”] Sandusky, (or betwixt Sandusky [Bay] and the Cayahaga).

[[*- Note: in the '1870' Darlington re-issue of Smith's narrative, Darlington oddly insists that Smith's original '1799' version denotes this distance as "eighty" miles (instead of "eight" as per other early republished versions). But “eighty” miles is totally illogical, because "eighty" miles from Sandusky Bay would instead place Smith's "*Canesadooharie*" far on the east side of the Cuyahoga River, (not *“betwixt”* Sandusky Bay and the Cuyahoga). Therefore, Darlington should have simply accepted that Smith truly had originally estimated the "*Canesadooharie*" to be "eight" miles east of Sandusky Bay's mouth, (and, obviously, which reasonably matches the Huron River --- not the “Black River”).]]

(On this last route, the land is nearly the same as that last described, only there is not so much swampy or wet ground.)

We again proceeded [down the river, and] towards the lake --- I on horseback, and Tontileaugo by water.
(Here the land is generally good, but I found some difficulty in getting around swamps and ponds.)
When we came to the lake, I proceeded along the strand [beach] --- and Tontileaugo near the shore, (sometimes paddling, and sometimes poleing, his canoe along).

After some time, the wind arose, and he went into the mouth of a small creek and encamped. Here we staid several days on account of high wind, (which raised the lake in great billows).

While we were here, Tontileaugo went out to hunt. While he was gone, a Wyandot came to our camp; I gave him a shoulder of venison which I had by the fire, well-roasted --- and he received it gladly, told me he was hungry, and thanked me for my kindness. When Tontileaugo came home, I told him that a Wyandot had been at our camp, and that I gave him a shoulder of roasted venison. He replied: “that was very well, and you surely gave him also sugar and bear’s-oil to eat with his venison”. I told him that I did not --- because the sugar and bear’s-oil was down in the canoe, therefore I did not go to get it. He replied, "you have behaved badly just like a Dutchman". (The Dutch, he called “*Skoharehaugo*”, which took its derivation from a Dutch settlement called Skoharey.) "Do you not know, that when strangers come to our camp, we ought always to give them the best that we have?". I acknowledged that I was wrong. He said that he could excuse this because I was still young --- but I must learn to behave like a warrior, and do great things -- and never be found in any little actions [such as that].

The lake being again calm, we proceeded -- and arrived safe at Sunyendeand --- which was a Wyandot town that lay upon a small creek [*] which empties into the little lake [[Sandusky Bay**]] below the mouth of Sandusky [River].

[[* - possibly being present-day Pickerel Creek. Smith's "*Sunyendeand*" (meaning "*rock fish*"), is phonetically similar to "A'tsinondiat", which, in other historical records, translates to 'pickerel', and seems to be the same creek which the French called "Poisson D'Oree" ("rock fish") .

"Sunyendeand" therefore would be the same village as "Etionnontout"/"Chunundat"/"Junundat" (which many historians erroneously attribute as having been a "1754" French-military "fort" --- but instead was merely a fortified "Indian village" and trading-post additionally occupied by a few French fur-traders, (which Smith also mentions, below). However, some early maps denote three Wyandot-tribe villages in that near-vicinity -- including one very near the 'mouth' of the Sandusky River, named (by some references) "*Junquendundeh*" - - which, might be Smith's "*Sunyendeand*".]]

[[**- Sandusky Bay was only called ("little") "*lake Sandusky*", at that time-period.]]

The town was about eighty rood [*] above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain, on which timber grew, and nothing more but grass or nettles. In some places there were large flats where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown, and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank, where the soil is extremely rich and loose --- here they planted corn.

[[*- 1 "rood" = 40 "rods" (therefore, "80 rood" is about 10 miles). But "rood", here, was perhaps simply a 'typo'; and therefore the distance was probably "80 rods" (being only about 1/ 5th mile).]]

In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and furs --- and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, &c.

After I had got my new clothes --- and my head done off like a red-headed woodpecker --- I, (in company with a number of young Indians), went down to the cornfield, to see the squaws at work. When we were there, the squaws asked me to take a hoe, which I did -- and I hoed for quite a while. The squaws applauded me for being a good hand at the business --- but when I returned to the town, the old men, (hearing of what I had done), chided me, and said that I was adopted in the place of a great man, and must not hoe corn like a squaw.
(They never had occasion to reprove me, for anything like this again --- I never was extremely fond of work, so I readily complied with their orders.)

Because the Indians, on their return from their winter hunt, bring in with them large quantities of bear's-oil, sugar, dried venison, &c., therefore, at this time they have plenty, and do not spare eating or giving --- thus they make-away with their provision as quick as possible.
They have no such thing as regular meals, (breakfast, dinner, or supper); but if anyone, even the local villagers, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best --- and, with them, it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered.

(If they will not eat, it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or, that the persons refusing to eat were angry with those who invited them.)

At this time, hominy (plentifully mixed with bear's-oil and sugar -- or [alternately] dried venison, bear's-oil, and sugar), is what they offer to everyone who comes, in any time of the day. And so they go on, until their sugar, bear's-oil, and venison are all gone -- and then they must eat hominy by itself, without bread, salt, or anything else --- yet still, they invite everyone that comes in to eat whilst they have anything to give. It is thought a shame not to invite people to eat while they still have anything. (But, if they can, in truth, only say "we have got nothing to eat", this is accepted as an honorable apology.)

All the hunters and warriors continued to remain in town about six weeks after we came in. They spent this time in [body-] painting, and going from house to house, eating, smoking --- and playing at a game resembling dice, or hustle-cap. (They put a number of plum-stones in a small bowl -- one side of each stone is black, and the other white. They then shake or hustle the bowl, calling, "*hits, kits, hits*", "*honesey, honesey, rago, rago*" -- which signifies calling for white or black -- whichever they wish to turn up --- they then turn the bowl, and count the 'whites' and 'blacks'.)

Some were beating their kind of drum, and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute made of hollow cane; and others playing on the jew's-harp [or, juice-harp]. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council house, (where the chiefs, and as many others as chose, attended); and at night, they were frequently employed in singing and dancing.

Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all engaged in preparing to go to war against "the frontiers of Virginia". When they were equipped, they went through their ceremonies, sung their war songs, &c.

Then they all marched off --- from fifteen to sixty years of age, (and even some boys, only twelve years old, were equipped with their bows and arrows), and went to war --- so that none were left in town but squaws and children --- except myself, one very old man, and another, about fifty years of age, who was lame.

The Indians were, then, in great hopes that they would drive away all "the Virginians", to over the "lake", (which is the only name they know, for the 'sea' [Atlantic Ocean]).

They indeed had some cause for this hope, because, at this time, the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind -- and consequently very unfit to stand their hand with such subtle enemies as the Indians were.

The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America, (except New England, which they said they had tried in old times).

I told them I thought not. They replied that they had already drove them all out of the mountains, and had also chiefly laid waste the great valley betwixt the North and South mountain, from Potomac to James River, (which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania) -- and that the white people appeared to them like fools because they could neither guard against surprise, nor run, nor fight. These, they said, were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reasons for my opinion -- and told me to speak my mind freely. I told them that the white people to the east were very numerous, just like the trees --- and although they appeared, to them, to be fools, (because they were not acquainted with the ["Indian"] way of war) -- yet they were not fools; therefore, eventually they will learn your mode of war, and turn upon you, or, at least defend themselves.

[From their reactions to my statements,] I found that these old men themselves did not honestly believe that their warriors could conquer America -- yet still, they were willing to propagate the idea, in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

When the warriors had left this town, we had neither meat, sugar, or bear's-oil left. All that we had then to live on, was corn pounded into coarse meal; or small hominy (which they boiled in water -- the result being like well-thickened soup, but without salt or anything else).

For some time, we had plenty of this kind of hominy; but, at length, we were brought to very short allowance --- and (because the warriors did not return as soon as they expected), we were in a starving condition --- and only one gun in the town, and very little ammunition.

The old lame Wyandot concluded that he would go hunting in a canoe, and take me with him, and try to kill deer in the water, (as, it was then their watering time).

We went up Sandusky [River] a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped.

We had [torch] lights prepared, (because we were to hunt in the night), -- and also a piece of bark and some bushes, set up in the canoe, (in order to conceal ourselves from the deer).

A little boy that was with us, held the light -- I worked the canoe -- and the old man, (whose gun was loaded with large shot), whenever we came near a deer, fired --- and in this manner, killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our campfire, ate heartily; and in the morning, returned to town, in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to town, the children were crying bitterly because of pinching hunger. We delivered what we had procured --- and, although it was very little among so many, it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice.

We immediately set out for another hunt.

But before we returned, fortunately some of the warriors had come in, and had brought with them on horseback, a quantity of meat. (These warriors had divided into different parties; and they all struck at different places in Augusta County.) They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses, and other plunder.

One of the prisoners brought in with them, was Arthur Campbell, (who is now Colonel Campbell, and lives on Holston River, near the Royal Oak). Because the Wyandots at Sunyendeand and those at Detroit were connected, Mr. Campbell was being taken to Detroit; but he remained some time with me, in this town.

His company was very agreeable, (and I was sorry when he left me).
During his stay at Sunyendeand, he borrowed my Bible, and made some pertinent remarks on what he had read. One passage was where it is said, “It is good for man, that he bear the yoke in his youth.” He said we ought to be resigned to the-will-of-Providence -- as we were now, indeed, bearing the yoke, in our youth.
(Campbell seemed to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age, then.)

There were also several other prisoners brought in -- and, when they were to run the gauntlet, I went and told them how they were to act.
One (John Savage) was brought in, (a middle-aged man, or about forty years old). He was to run the gauntlet. So, I told him what he had to do --- then I got into position, in one of the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them --- and (although they were not very severe on him), when he passed me, I hit him with a piece of pumpkin, (which pleased the Indians much -- but I felt quick remorse).

About the time that these warriors came in, the green corn was beginning to be of use, so that we had either green corn or venison --- and sometimes both, (which was comparatively high-living).

Whenever we could have plenty of roasted green corn, the hunters became lazy, and spent their time, (as already mentioned), in singing and dancing, &c. (They appeared to be fulfilling the [Biblical] scriptures -- and beyond those who [insincerely] profess to believe them --- such as living in love, peace, and friendship together, without disputes. In this respect, they shame those who [hypocritically] profess Christianity.)

In this manner, we lived until October. Then the geese, swans, ducks, cranes, &c., came from the north, and alighted on this little lake [[bay]] -- without number, or innumerable. (Sunyendeand is a remarkable place for fish in the springtime -- and fowl, in Fall and Spring, both.)

Because our hunters were now bored with their indolence -- and fond of their own kind of exercise --- they all turned out to fowling, (and, in this, could seldom miss of success) --- so, we now had plenty of hominy, and the best of fowls.

And sometimes, as a rarity, we had a little bread -- which was made of Indian cornmeal (pounded in a hominy-block), mixed with boiled beans -- and baked in cakes, under the ashes. (This, with us, was called good living --- though not equal to our fat, roasted and boiled venison, when we went to the woods, in Fall -- or bear's-meat and beaver, in Winter -- or sugar, bear's-oil, and dry venison, in Spring.)

Sometime in October, another [*Caughnewaga*] 'brother', (older than Tontileaugo), came to pay-us-a-visit at Sunyendeand; and he asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga.

(They had always used me as a free man, and had given me the liberty of choosing), so I told him, that because I had never seen him before -- and was attached to Tontileaugo --- I therefore asked some time to consider of this.

He told me that the party he was going with, would not arrive at the mouth of this little lake [[bay]], in less than six days -- and I could, in this time, become acquainted with him, and judge for myself.

I consulted with Tontileaugo on this occasion, and he told me that our old 'brother' Tecaughretanego (which was his name) was a chief, and a better man than he was --- and if I went with him, I might expect to be well-used. But he also said that I could do as I pleased, (and, if I stayed here, then he [Tontileaugo] would utilize me as he had been).

I told him, that although he had acted in every respect, as a brother to me -- but, I was also much pleased with Tecaughretanego's conduct, and conversation -- and, especially because he was going to a part of the country I had never been in --- therefore I wished to go.

I then went with Tecaughretanego to the mouth of the little lake [[Sandusky Bay]], where we met with the company he intended going with --- which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas.

Here, I was introduced to a Caughnewaga “sister”, and others I had never before seen. My [adoptive] sister’s name was Mary, but which they pronounced "Molly"[*]. I asked Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name. He said that he did not know that it was an English name -- but it was the name that the priest gave her, (and said that was the name of the mother of Jesus), when she was baptized.

Tecaughretanego also told me, that there were a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots who were a kind of half Roman Catholics --- but, as for himself, he said that the priests and him could not agree, (because they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him that the book of God taught them these foolish absurdities). But he could not believe that the great and good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense; and therefore he concluded that the Indians’ old religion was better than this new way of worshiping God.

[[* - Smith repeatedly indicates that their native pronunciations had no English "R" sounds --- however, that seems to contradict Smith's other phonetic spellings of many of their own native-language's words and names. (Therefore, Smith's usage of the letter “R” in his phonetic spellings of their native spoken-words, seems to indicate that he, himself, had learned to differentiate the subtle difference between their “L” and their “R” sounds.)]]

The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents (which they carry with them), made of flags, plaited and stitched together (in a very artful manner, so as to turn rain or wind well) --- each mat is made fifteen feet long, and about five feet broad.

In order to erect this kind of tent, they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground, in form of a circle, leaning inwards; then they spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving only a hole in the top uncovered, (and this hole answers the place of a chimney).

In place of a door, they lift up one end of a mat, and creep in, and simply let the mat fall down behind them.

They make a fire of dry split wood in the middle; and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep all 'round the fire, in a crooked posture. (The length of their beds will not fit of them stretching themselves.)

These tents are warm and dry, and tolerably clear of smoke.

Nothing is in the tents, but themselves and their bedding.

(Their lumber, they keep under birch-bark canoes -- which they carry out and turn up for a shelter where they keep everything from the rain.)

This [specific] company had four birch canoes, and four tents.

We were kindly received here, and they gave us plenty of hominy,
and wild fowl boiled and roasted.
(The wild fowl here, feed upon a kind of wild rice that grows spontaneously
in the shallow water, or wet places along the sides or in the corners of the
lakes. And because the geese, ducks, swans, &c., here are well grain-fed,
they were remarkably fat, especially the green-necked ducks.)

The wind was high, so we could not proceed on our voyage,
so we remained here several days [[near the 'mouth' of Sandusky Bay]],
and killed an abundance of wild fowl, and a number of raccoons.

When a company of Indians are moving together on the lake, (when
it is, at this time of the year, often dangerous sailing), the old men hold
a council -- and, when they agree to embark, everyone is engaged
immediately in making ready, (without anyone offering one word against
the measure, even though the lake may be boisterous and horrid).

Finally one morning --- though the wind appeared, to me, to be as
high as in days past, (and the billows raging) --- yet the call was given,
"*yohoh-yohoh*", which was quickly answered by all, "*ooh-ooh*",
(which signifies 'agreed'). We were all instantly engaged in preparing
to start -- but had considerable difficulties in embarking.

As soon as we got into our canoes, we began paddling with all our might, making out [away] from the shore.

These sort of canoes ride the waves beyond what could be expected – even though the water, several times, dashed onto them.

When we got out about half a mile from shore, we hoisted sail --- and (as, it was nearly a west wind), we then suddenly seemed to ride the waves with ease, and went on at a rapid rate. We then all laid down our paddles, excepting the one who steered --- and there was no more water dashing onto our canoes (until we came near the shore again).

We sailed about sixty[*] miles that day, and encamped some time before night.

[[*- an apparent over-estimation of the actual distance, simply due to the obvious difficulty of perceiving far distances while also being out "*half a mile*" away from the shoreline. (The actual entire distance from the mouth of Sandusky Bay, to the mouth of the Cuyahoga, is slightly over 50 miles, total. However, Smith also states below, that they had not, yet, fully passed beyond the "precipice of rocks", meaning the tall cliffs along the shoreline, between the Cuyahoga and the Black River. Therefore -- based upon Smith's stated point-of-departure at the mouth of Sandusky Bay -- they had actually sailed approx. 40 miles on that day.)]]

The next day, we again embarked -- and went on very well, for a short time --- but the lake being boisterous, and the wind not fair, we were obliged to make to shore, (which we accomplished with hard work, and some difficulty in landing [due to the “precipice of rocks”]).

The next morning, a council was held by the old men, (because we had, this day, to pass by this long precipice of rocks on the shore, for about nine miles --- which rendered it impossible for us to land).

And although the wind was high, and the lake rough --- but, because it was fair skies, we were all ordered to embark.

We wrought ourselves out from the shore and hoisted sail. (What they used in place of sail-cloth, were their tent mats -- which answered the purpose very well.) We went on for some time, with a fair wind --- until we were opposite to [almost the very end of] the precipice.

But then [suddenly the wind changed direction, and] it turned towards the shore --- and we began to fear we should be cast upon the rocks.

Two of the canoes were considerably farther out from the rocks, than the canoe I was in. Those who were farthest out in the lake, did not let down their sails until they had passed the precipice --- but, (because we were nearer the rocks), we were obliged to lower our sails, and paddle with all our might.

With much difficulty, we cleared ourselves of the rocks, and landed.

(The other canoes had landed before us, so they immediately sent runners off, to see if we were all safely landed.)

This night, the wind fell. The next morning, the lake was tolerably calm, and we embarked without difficulty. We paddled along near the shore, until we came to the mouth of Cayahaga, (which empties into lake Erie on its south side, betwixt Canesadooharie and Presq' Isle).

[["paddled along near the shore", implies a short remaining distance to their river destination:]]

We entered the Cayahaga, and encamped -- where we stayed and hunted for several days. We kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga.

This is a very gentle river -- and very few ripples or swift-running places, [all the way] from the mouth to the forks. (Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat. But bear and other game, scarce.)

(The upland is hilly, and principally second-and-third-rate land; the timber chiefly black oak, white oak, hickory, dogwood, &c. The bottoms are rich and large, and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red haw, black haw, wild apple-trees, &c.)

The [[Cuyahoga's]] West Branch interlocks with the East Branch of the Muskingum [[Tuscarawas River]].

From the forks of Cayahaga, to the East Branch of Muskingum, there is a carrying-place [between the two rivers], where the Indians carry their canoes, &c., (thereby, from the waters [and tributaries] of lake Erie, into the waters [and tributaries] of the Ohio river).

From these forks [of the Cuyahoga], I went over with some hunters to the East Branch of Muskingum [[Tuscarawas River]], where they killed several deer, and a number of beavers. We returned heavy laden with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs, (as, we had no horses).

(The land here, is chiefly second-and-third-rate, and the timber chiefly oak and hickory.)

The [[Cuyahoga's]] East Branch interlocks with the Big Beaver creek (that empties into the Ohio [River], about thirty miles below [or, downriver from] Pittsburgh).

A little above the forks, on the East Branch of Cayahaga, are considerable rapids, very rocky for some distance, but no perpendicular falls.

[[Smith is ostensibly referring to the area (on the Cuyahoga River's east branch) which is the later location of a 60'-high man-made dam, in the vicinity of the modern-day town of Cuyahoga Falls --- where formerly there were, of course, "falls", but apparently not any notably "perpendicular" ones (with a singular significant straight-downward drop). Smith indicates that their travel beyond these “East Branch rapids”, was not by canoe.]]

About the first of December, 1756, we were preparing for leaving the [Cuyahoga] river: we buried our canoes, and as usual, hung up our skins; and every one had a pack to carry. The squaws also packed up their tents, (which they carried in large rolls that extended up above their heads) -- and although a great bulk, but not heavy. We steered about a south-east course [on foot], and could not march over ten miles per day. At night, we lodged in our flag tents[*] -- which, when erected, were nearly in the [cone] shape of a sugar loaf -- and about fifteen feet diameter at the ground. [[*- “teepees”]]

In this manner, we proceeded about forty miles, and wintered in these tents, on the [tributary] waters of Beaver creek --- near a little lake or large pond, which is about two miles long and one mile broad --- and a remarkable place for beaver.

{ It is a generally received opinion among the Indians, that geese transform into beavers --- and, snakes transform into raccoons. And although Tecaughretanego, who was a wise man, was not fully persuaded that this was true --- yet he seemed, in some measure, to be carried away with this whimsical notion. He said that this pond had been always a great place for beaver. And he said, that although he witnessed them to be frequently all killed, here --- yet the next winter they would be as plenty as ever. But the beaver was an animal that did not travel by land; and, there being no water communication into, nor from, this pond -- therefore, how could such a number of beavers get there, year after year? But, because this pond was also a considerable place for geese -- therefore when they came in the Fall from the north, and alighted in this pond --- they turned into beavers, all except their feet which remained nearly the same.

I replied, that although there was no water communication in, or out, of this pond -- yet it appeared that it was fed by springs, (because it was always clear, and never stagnated) --- and, because a very large spring rose about a mile below this pond, therefore it was likely that this [lower] spring came from this pond. In the Fall, when this spring is comparatively slow, there would be air underground, sufficient for the beavers to breathe in, (with their heads above water, for they cannot live long under water) --- and therefore, they could have a subterraneous passage by water into this pond.

Tecaughretanego acknowledged that it might be so. }

Along the sides of this pond, there grew great abundance of cranberries, which the Indians gathered up on the ice when the pond was frozen over. These berries were about as large as rifle bullets, of a bright red color, and an agreeable sour, (though rather too sour of themselves, but when mixed with sugar had a very agreeable taste).

In conversation with Tecaughretanego, I happened also to be talking about the beavers catching fish. He asked me why I thought that the beaver caught fish. I told him that I had read about beaver making dams for the convenience of fishing. He laughed and made-game-of me and my book. He said that the man who wrote that book, knew nothing about the beaver --- the beaver never did eat flesh of any kind, but only tree-bark, roots, and other vegetables.
(In order to determine certainly, how true this was: when we killed a beaver, I carefully examined the intestines, but found no appearance of fish; and I afterwards made an experiment on a pet beaver which we had, and found that it would neither eat fish nor flesh --- therefore I acknowledged that the book I had read, was wrong.)

{{ abridged, (additional lengthy details about beaver habitat, etc.) }}

[James Smith gets lost in the woods (again)]

I went out with Tecaughretanego and some others, to a beaver hunting; but we did not succeed. On our return, we saw where several raccoons had passed, (while the snow was soft, though there was now a crust upon it). We all made a halt, looking at the raccoon tracks. They then saw a distant tree with a hole in it, so they told me to go and see if the racoons had gone in there --- and, if so, to [signal] “halloo” -- and they would come and take them out.

When I went near to that tree, I saw that the racoon tracks had passed beyond it --- but, (even more distant), I saw another [tree, with a hole in it] – and proceeded to examine that – and, found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo --- but could have no answer [from the hunters].

As it began to snow and blow most violently, I returned [to the trail] and proceeded after my companions --- and for some time, could see their tracks --- but, the old snow being only about three inches deep, and a crust upon it -- therefore, the present driving snow, soon covered up all of the tracks.

And, because the air was dark with snow -- I had little more prospect of steering my course, than I would in the dark of night.
Because I had only a bow, arrows, and tomahawk with me -- but no way to strike fire --- so, I appeared to be in a dismal situation.

At length, I came to a [very large] hollow tree, with a hole at one side, that I could go in at.
I went in -- and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow was about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I also found that there was a considerable quantity of soft, dry rotten wood inside, (surrounding this hollow spot). I therefore concluded that I would lodge here --- and that I would get working to stop up the door of my "house". I stripped off my blanket, (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting a breech-clout, leggins and moccasins) --- and, with my tomahawk, began chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay nearby -- and carried this wood, and set it up on end against the door, until I had it three or four feet thick all around --- excepting a hole that I had left to creep in at. I also had a 'block' [of snow] prepared that I could haul after me, to stop-up this hole, (and before I went in, I put in a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop-it-up, from the inside, too).

When I went in, I took my tomahawk and cut away all that dry rotten wood I could get, and beat it small --- with that, I made a bed (like a goose-nest or hog-bed).

With the small sticks, I estopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my moccasins --- and danced in the centre of my bed, for about half an hour, in order to warm myself.

In this time, my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow, in the meanwhile, had filled all the holes --- so that my house was as dark as a dungeon, (though I knew that it could not yet be dark outside). I then coiled myself up in my blanket, and lay down in my little round bed -- and had a tolerable night's lodging.

When I awoke, all was dark --- not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately, I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, (as, there was neither door nor window in it).

Because I could hear the storm raging -- and, the way that I was presently situated, I did not suffer much cold -- so, I decided that I would stay in my nest, until I was certain it was day-time.

When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose, and put on my moccasins, (which I had laid under my head to keep it from freezing), and then endeavored to find the door. (I had to do all, by the sense of feeling, which took me some time.)

At length, I found the 'block'; but, it being heavy with a large amount of fresh snow having fallen around it --- at the first attempt, I did not move it.

I then felt terrified. (Among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew how it was, before this, to be thus deprived of light).
This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous.

I went straightway to bed again, wrapped my blanket round me, and lay and mused a while --- and then prayed to Almighty God to direct and protect me, as he had done heretofore.

I once again attempted to move away the block --- which proved successful -- it moved about nine inches. With this, a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received light; so, that I found a very great snow had fallen – amounts above what I had ever before seen in one night. I then realized why I could not easily move the block --- and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light, that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I, then, returned into my cell -- and returned God my thanks for me having once more received the light of heaven. At length, I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows --- and went out of my den.

I was now in tolerable high spirits. But the snow had fallen more than three feet deep (in addition to what was on the ground before); and the only imperfect guide which I had, in order to steer my course to our camp, was the trees, (as, the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them, if they are straight).

I proceeded onward, wading through the snow --- and about twelve o'clock, I came upon the creek (that our camp was on), about half a mile below the camp. And when I came in sight of the camp, there was great joy, from the shouts and yelling of the boys, &c.

When I arrived, they all came round me, and received me gladly --- at this time, no questions were asked --- and I was taken into a tent, where they gave me plenty of fat beaver meat, and then asked me to smoke. Afterward, Tecaughretanego desired me to walk out to a fire they had made. I went out, and they all collected around me -- men, women, and boys. Tecaughretanego asked me to give them a particular account of what had happened from the time they left me yesterday until now. I told them the whole of the story, (and they never interrupted me --- but whenever I made a pause, the intervals were filled with loud acclamations of joy).

(Because I could not, at this time, talk Ottawa, well --- nor Jibewa[*], which is nearly the same --- so I delivered my story in Caughnewaga. My 'sister' Molly's husband was a Jibewa[*], but also he could understand Caughnewaga --- so he acted as interpreter, and delivered my story to the Jibewas[*] and Ottawas, which they received with pleasure.)

When all this was done, Tecaughretanego made a speech to me, in the following manner:

"Brother – You see we have prepared snow-shoes to go after you, and were almost ready to go when you appeared --- but, because you had not been accustomed to hardships in your own country to the east, we never expected to see you alive. Now we are glad to see you in various respects: we are glad to see you on your own account; and we are glad to see the prospect of your filling the place of a great man in whose room you were adopted.

We do not blame you for what has happened -- we blame ourselves, because we did not think of this driving snow filling up the tracks, until after we came to the camp.

"Brother – Your conduct on this occasion hath pleased us much; you have given us an evidence of your fortitude, skill, and resolution; and we hope you will always go on to do great actions -- as, it is only great actions that can make a great man."

I told Tecaughretanego that I thanked them for their care of me, and for the kindness I always received. I told him that I always strived to do great actions, and hoped I never would do anything to dishonor any of those with whom I was connected.

I likewise told my Jibewa [*] brother-in-law to tell his people, that I also thanked them for their care and kindness. [[*- a.k.a., Chippewa]]

The next morning, some of the hunters went out on snow-shoes, killed several deer, and hauled some of them into our camp, upon the snow.

(The snow-shoes are made like a hoop-net, and wrought with buckskin thongs. Each shoe is about two feet and a half long, and about eighteen inches broad before, and small behind, with cross-bars, in order to attach or tie them to their feet.

After the snow has lain a few days, the Indians tomahawk the deer, by pursuing them, in their snow-shoes. Then, they affix [leather] carrying straps -- which are broad in the middle and small at each end -- in the fore feet, and nose of the deer. They lay the broad part of the strap, upon their own heads or around their shoulders, and pull it along.)

About two weeks after this, there came a warm rain, and took away the main part of the snow, and broke up the ice. Then we engaged in making wooden traps to catch beavers, (as, we had very few steel traps). These traps are made nearly in the same manner as the raccoon traps already described.

One day while I was attending to my traps, I again got benighted, (due to beaver ponds obstructing my way back to our camp).
I had neglected to take fire-works with me, (and the weather very cold) -- and I could find no suitable lodging place.
Therefore, the only expedient I could think of, to keep myself from freezing, was exercise. I danced and hallooed the whole night, with all my might --- and the next day, came to our camp.
I suffered much more this time, (than the other night when I was out).

The Indians had not been concerned so much, this time, because they thought that I had fire-works with me. And after they knew how it really was, they did not fault me; they said that even experienced hunters were frequently involved in that predicament, (with the beaver dams being one-above-another, on every creek and run -- so that it is difficult to find a fording place).

They applauded me for my fortitude -- and said, that because they now had plenty of beaver skins, they would purchase me a new gun at Detroit, (as, we were to go there, the next Spring) --- and so, if I should ever again chance to be lost in dark weather, I could make a fire, and kill provisions, (and return to the camp, when the sun shined).

(By being bewildered on the waters of Muskingum, I had lost repute, and was reduced to the bow and arrow --- but, by being out, those two nights here, I regained my credit.)

After some time, the waters all froze again, and then, (as formerly), we hunted beavers on the ice. Although beaver meat, without salt or bread, was the chief of our food this winter -- yet we had always plenty, and I was well-contented with my diet. (And I felt that it was delicious fare, after the way we had lived the winter before).

Sometime in February, we scaffolded up our furs and skins, and moved about ten miles, in quest of a sugar camp, (or a suitable place to make sugar), and encamped in a large bottom on the head-waters of Big Beaver creek. (We had some difficulty in moving, because we had a blind Caughnewaga boy, about fifteen years of age, to lead; and -- as, this country is very brushy -- we frequently had to carry him.)

(We had also my Jibewa *brother-in-law*'s father with us -- who was thought by the Indians to be a great conjuror; his name was Manetohcoa. This old man was so decrepit that we had to carry him, upon a bier, on this route. And, all our baggage to pack on our backs.)

Shortly after we came to the place, the squaws began to make sugar. We had no large kettles with us this year -- and so, instead of fire, they had the winter frost substitute (to some degree), in making sugar:

Their large bark vessels (for holding the sap water), they made broad and shallow -- and because the weather is very cold here in sugar-time, this water frequently freezes at night --- and then, they break the ice [from the surface], and cast it out of the vessels.

I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar.

They said no -- it was only water they were casting away, because sugar did not freeze -- and so, there was scarcely any sugar in that [surface] ice. They said that I might try an experiment, and boil some of the discarded ice, and see what I would get.

I never did try it; but I observed that, after several times refreezing, the sap water that remained in the vessels had indeed changed its color, and became brown and very sweet.

About the time we were done making sugar, the snow went off the ground --- and one night, a squaw raised an alarm. She said she saw two men with guns in their hands, upon the bank on the other side of the creek, spying our tents, (and supposedly thought to [potentially] be Johnston's Mohawks). Upon this news, the squaws were ordered to slip quietly out some distance into the bushes.

Everyone of us with either guns or bows, were to squat in the bushes near the tents -- and if the enemy rushed up, we were to give them the first-fire, (and thereby give the squaws an opportunity of escaping).

Tecaughretanego whispered to me not to be afraid – for, he would speak to the Mohawks, (as, they spoke the same tongue that we did), and they would not hurt the Caughnewagas or me; they would kill all the Jibewas and Ottawas that they could --- but they would take us along with them. (The very last part of that news pleased me well -- and I heartily wished for the approach of the Mohawks.) [[because the Mohawks would take Smith "back East" -- nearer to his own homeland.]]

Before we withdrew into the bushes, they carried Manetohcoa to the fire [inside the tent], and gave him his conjuring tools (which were: dyed feathers, a wildcat's shoulder-blade bone, tobacco, &c.).

And while we were in the bushes, Manetohcoa was at the fire inside the tent --- conjuring away to the utmost of his ability.

At length, he called aloud for us all to come in, (which was quickly obeyed). He then told us, that after he had gone through the whole of his ceremony, and [potentially] had expected to see [the image of] a number of Mohawks, upon the flat bone when it was warmed at the fire; however, the image of two wolves instead appeared to him, upon it.

Then he told us that although there were no Mohawks nearby, we must not be angry with the squaw for giving a false alarm, (as, she had occasion to go out, and happened to see the wolves; but because it was in moonlight, and so she got afraid, and she instead perceived it was Indians with guns in their hands). He said we might therefore all go to sleep, for there was no danger; and accordingly we did.

The next morning we went to the place --- and found wolf tracks --- but, indeed, no sign of moccasin tracks.

If there is truly such a thing as a wizard, I think Manetohcoa, (a professed worshiper of the devil), was as likely to be one as any man.

But, be he a real conjuror or not -- I am certain that the Indians truly believed what he told them upon this occasion, as though it had come from an infallible oracle.

Otherwise they would not, (after such an alarm as this), all go to sleep in such an unconcerned manner. This appeared, to me, to be the most like witchcraft, of anything I beheld while I was with them. (I had scrutinized their proceedings, in business of this kind; however, I generally found that their pretended witchcraft was either art, or mistaken notions -- whereby they deceived themselves. Before a battle, they spy the enemy's motions carefully; and when they find that they can have considerable advantage -- and the greatest prospect of success -- then the old men pretend to conjure, or to tell what the event will be; and this they do in a [vague] figurative manner, which will bear something of a different interpretation --- and, thereby, generally comes to pass nearly as they foretold. Therefore, the young warriors generally believed these old conjurors -- which had a tendency to animate and excite them to push on with vigor.)

[Smith travels to Fort Detroit]

Sometime in March, 1757, we began to move back to the forks of Cayahaga, (which was about forty or fifty miles).

But (as, we had no horses), we had all our baggage, and several hundred weight of beaver skins, and some deer and bear skins, all to pack on our backs. (The method we took to accomplish this move, was by making short days' journeys: in the morning we would move on, with as much as we were able to carry, about five miles, and encamp --- and then run back, to retrieve more. We commonly made three such trips in each day.)

When we came to the great pond, we stayed there one day to rest ourselves, and to kill ducks and geese.

While we remained here, I went in company with a young Caughnewaga -- who was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, ("Chinnohete", by name) -- in order to gather cranberries.

And, as he was gathering berries at some distance from me, three Jibewa squaws crept up, undiscovered, and made at him speedily --- but he nimbly escaped, and came to me, apparently terrified.

I asked him what he was afraid of. He replied, "*did you not see those squaws?*". I told him that I did -- and that they appeared to be in a very good-humor; I asked him why, therefore, was he afraid of them.

He said the Jibewa squaws were very bad women --- and had a very ugly custom among them. I asked him what that custom was.

He said, that when two or three of them could catch a young lad who was betwixt [being] a 'man' and a 'boy', (and, out by himself) --- if they could overpower him, they would strip him, by force, in order to see whether he was coming on to being a 'man', or not. That was what they intended when they [secretly] crawled up and then ran so violently at him --- but, said he, “I am very glad, that I so-narrowly escaped”.

I then agreed with Chinnohete, in condemning this as a bad custom -- and an exceedingly immodest action for young women to be guilty of.

(From our sugar camp on the head waters of Big Beaver creek, to this place, is not hilly. In some places the woods are tolerably clear, but in most places exceedingly brushy. The land here is chiefly second-and-third-rate. The timber on the upland is white oak, black oak, hickory, and chestnut. There is also in some places walnut upland, and plenty of good water. The bottoms here are generally large and good.)

We proceeded on, from the pond to the forks of Cayahaga, at the rate of about five miles per day.

(The land on this route is not very hilly; it is well-watered, and in many places ill timbered, generally brushy, and chiefly second-and-third-rate land, intermixed with good bottoms.)

When we came to the forks, we found that the skins that we had scaffolded, were all safe. ----
{ Although this was a public place, and Indians frequently passing, and our skins hanging up in view --- yet there were none stolen. And it is seldom, that Indians do steal anything from one-another. In fact, they say they never did, until the white people came among them, and taught some of them to lie, cheat, and steal.
But, be that as it may --- they never did curse or swear until they learned it from the whites. (Some ["*whites*"] think the [Native-American] language is not capable of it, but I am not of that opinion; I, myself, could find language to curse or swear in the Indian-tongue.)

I remember that Tecaughretanego, when something displeased him, said, "God damn it". I asked him if he knew what he then said. He said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning or something like the meaning of what he had said. I then told him that his supposition did not bear the least resemblance; and that saying "God damn it" was calling upon the Great Spirit to punish the object which he was displeased with. So, Tecaughretanego he stood for some time amazed, and then said: if this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites?

(When the traders were among us, these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse.) So, he told me to reconsider what I had said -- for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition --- but if I was not mistaken, he said, the traders applied these words not only wickedly, but oftentimes very foolishly and contrary to sense or reason.
He said he remembered once of a trader's accidentally breaking his gun-lock --- and on that occasion, calling out aloud, "God damn it". Surely, said he, the gun-lock was not an object worthy of punishment from *Owaneeyo*, (or, "the Great Spirit"). He also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good-humor, and not displeased with anything. I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often, in a most irrational, inconsistent, and impious manner --- yet I still asserted that I had explained the true meaning of these words. He replied: if so, then the traders are as bad as *Oonasahroona*, (or, the "under-ground inhabitants" -- the name they give the devils -- because their place of residence is under the earth).}

--- We took up our birch-bark canoes which we had buried [here at the "*forks of Cayahaga*"] , and found that they were not damaged by the winter. However, they not being sufficient to carry all that we now had --- so we made a large chestnut-bark canoe, (because elm was not to be found at this place).

We all embarked, and had a very agreeable passage down the Cayahaga, and along the south side of lake Erie, until we passed [west of] the mouth of Sandusky [[Bay]]; then the wind arose, and we put in at the mouth of the Miami of the lake [[Maumee River]], at Cedar Point [*], where we remained several days, and killed a number of turkeys, geese, ducks, and swans.

[[* - meaning Cedar Point cape at presently-named Maumee Bay --- not Sandusky Bay's later-named Cedar Point peninsula, formerly known as “Sandy Point”).]]

The wind being fair, and the lake not extremely rough, we again embarked, hoisted up sails, and arrived safe at the Wyandot town nearly opposite to Fort Detroit, on the north side of the river. Here, we also found a number of French traders -- every one of them very willing to deal, for our beaver pelts.

[Brandy (alcohol), and the "Indians"]

We bought ourselves fine clothes, ammunition, paint, tobacco, &c. -- and, (keeping their promise), they purchased me a new gun.

We had, thus far, parted with only about one third of our beaver skins. But, at length, a trader came to town with French brandy.

We purchased a keg of it -- and held a council about who was to get drunk and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal --- so they told me that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this, but, of the two evils, I chose that which I thought was the least.

And so, I joined with those who were to conceal the arms -- and keep every dangerous weapon we could, out of their way --- and endeavor, if possible, to keep this drinkers-club from killing each other, (which was a very hard task --- several times we hazarded our own lives, and got ourselves hurt, in preventing them from slaying each other).

Before they had finished this keg, nearly one third of the town was invited into this drinking club -- though most could not pay for their share, (those who had already disposed of all their skins); but that made no difference --- all were welcome to drink. When this keg was empty, the traders were again solicited, which procured a kettle full of brandy at a time, (and divided among all, with a large wooden spoon); and so it went on --- and never quit while any still had a single beaver skin.

(When the trader [with the brandy] had got all our beaver, he moved off to trade at the Ottawa town, about a mile above the Wyandot town.)

After the brandy was gone --- and the drinking club finally sober --- they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts tore, and several blankets were burned. A number of squaws were also in this club, and they were presently neglecting their corn-planting.

We began to hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town. They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner, both night and day. (But their frolic ended worse than ours: five Ottawas were killed, and a great many wounded.)

After this, a number of young Indians were getting their ears cut [for ornamentation]; and they urged me to have mine cut likewise -- but they did not attempt to compel me, though they endeavored to persuade me.

The principal arguments they used, were: its being a very great ornament, and also the common fashion. (The former, I did not personally believe -- but the latter, I could not deny.)

The way they performed this operation, was by cutting the fleshy part of the circle of the ear, (closest to the gristle), quite through. When this was done they wrapt rags round this fleshy part, until it was entirely healed; they then hung lead to it, and stretched it to a wonderful length: when it was sufficiently stretched, they wrapped the fleshy part round with brass wire, which formed it into a semicircle about four inches diameter.

["Indian" Games]

Many of the young men were now exercising themselves in a game resembling football, (though, they commonly strike the ball with a crooked stick made for that purpose). Also, a game something like this: wherein they used a wooden ball, about three inches diameter, and the instrument they moved it with was a strong staff, about five feet long --- with a hoop net on the end of it, large enough to contain the ball. Before they begin the play, they lay off about half a mile distance, in a clear plain --- and the opposite parties all attend at the centre, where a disinterested person casts up the ball --- then the opposite parties all contend for it. If anyone gets it into his net, he runs with it (in the direction he wishes it to go), and they all pursue him.

If one of the opposite party overtakes the person with the ball, he gives the staff a stroke, which causes the ball to fly out of the net; then they have another debate for it, and if the one that gets it, can outrun all the opposite party, and can carry it quite out, or over the line at the end, the game is won; but this seldom happens.

When anyone is running away with the ball, and is likely to be overtaken, he commonly throws it --- and with this instrument, can cast it fifty or sixty yards. Sometimes, when the ball is almost at the one end, these matters will take a sudden turn, and the opposite party may quickly carry it out at the other end.

Oftentimes they will work a long while, back-and-forward, before they can get the ball over the line, or win the game.

About the 1st of June, 1757, the Wyandot, Pottawatomi, and Ottawa towns' warriors were preparing to go to war --- also a great many Jibewas came down from the upper lakes --- and after singing their war-songs, and going through their common ceremonies, they marched off against the frontiers of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, --- in their usual manner --- singing the traveling song, slow firing, &c.

About the middle of June, the Indians were almost all gone to war, from ages sixteen to sixty; but Tecaughretanego remained in town with me.

{ Although he had formerly, (when they were at war with the southern nations), been a great warrior and an eminent counselor, (and, I think, also as clear and able a reasoner upon any subject that he had an opportunity of being acquainted with, as I ever knew) --- he had, all along, been against this war, and had strenuously opposed it, in council. He said, if the English and French had a quarrel, let them fight their own battles themselves; it is not our business to intermeddle therewith.}

Before the warriors returned, we were very scarce of provision; and although we did not customarily steal from one another --- yet we stole (during this time) anything that we could eat -- from the French -- under the notion that it was justified for us to do so, because they supported their soldiers. (And the only reason why our squaws, old men and children were suffering, was because our hunters were all gone [being 'soldiers' for the French] .)

Sometime in August, the warriors returned, and brought in with them a great many scalps, prisoners, horses and plunder; and the common report among the young warriors was, that they would entirely subdue *Tulhasaga*, (that is, “the Englishmen”; or, literally rendered: “the Morning Light inhabitants”).

[Lake Erie Islands]

About the first of November, a number of families were preparing to go on their winter hunt -- and all agreed to cross the lake together.

We encamped at the mouth of the river the first night; and a council was held, of whether we should cross through by the three islands --- or instead coast it 'round [the western shore of] the lake.

These islands lie in a line across the lake, and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wyandots, or Ottawas, frequently make their winter hunt on these islands; though, excepting wild fowl and fish, there is scarcely any game here but raccoons, which are amazingly plenty, and exceedingly large and fat, as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter, in one winter, will catch one thousand raccoons here.

{ Another common belief among Indians, is that the snakes and raccoons are transmigratory: meaning that a great many of the snakes transform into raccoons every Fall -- and the raccoons, back into snakes, every Spring. This additional notion is founded on their own observations made about the snakes and the raccoons, on this island. The raccoons here lodge in rocks --- so the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes. When they attend their traps in the winter season, they commonly find them filled with raccoons --- but in springtime, or when the frost is out of the ground, they say they then find their traps filled with large rattlesnakes --- and therefore conclude that the raccoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why raccoons are so remarkably plenty in Winter, is because every Fall the snakes turn back into raccoons again. --- So, I told them, that although I had never landed on any of these islands, but, from the unanimous accounts I had received, I believed that both, snakes and raccoons, were plenty there; but no doubt they all remained there both Summer and Winter --- and although the snakes were not to be seen in the latter --- of course I did not believe that it meant that they were transmigratory.}

These islands are seldom visited early in Spring and late in Fall, because it is dangerous sailing, in their bark canoes.

And in Summer, they are so infested with various kinds of serpents, (but, chiefly rattlesnakes) that it is dangerous for landing.

I shall now quit this digression, and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the [Detroit] river.

We concluded to coast along the lake shore --- and in two days we came to the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, and landed on Cedar Point [[cape, at Maumee Bay]], where we remained several days.

Here [[at Maumee Bay's Cedar Point]] we held a council, and concluded that we would take a “driving hunt”, in concert and in partnership:

The river, in this place, is about a mile broad --- and (because it and the lake, forms a kind of neck, which terminates at this 'Point'), all the hunters(which were fifty-three) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. (When we first began to move, we were not in sight of each other --- but, as we all raised the yell, we could regularly together -- by the noise. At length, we came in sight of each other, and appeared to be marching in good-order.)

Before we had reached the 'point', the squaws and the boys, in the canoes, were scattered up the river and along the lake, to prevent the deer from making their escape by water.

As we advanced nearer to the point, the guns began to crack slowly -- and, after some time, the firing was like a little [military-] engagement.

The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water -- and we, shooting them down on the land. We killed, in all, about thirty deer, (but, a great many more made their escape by water).

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, (because we now had plenty of hominy, venison and wild fowl).

The geese, at this time, appeared to be preparing to move southward.

{ It might be asked: what is meant by “the geese preparing to move”. The Indians believe that geese, likewise, hold a great council at this time, concerning the weather, in order to decide upon a day that they may all, (at nearly the same time), leave the northern lakes, and wing their way to the southern bays --- and, when matters are brought to a conclusion, and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then a great number of expresses are sent off, in order to let their different tribes know the result of this council, that they may be all in readiness to move at the time appointed ---- the Indians say. And indeed, there is a great commotion among the geese at this time; so, it would [seem to] appear by their actions, that such a council had been held. Certain it is, that they are led by instinct to act all in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.}

Here our company separated. The most part of them went up the Miami River [[later-named Maumee River]], which empties into Lake Erie at Cedar Point [[cape, at Maumee Bay]] --- whilst we proceeded on our [eastward] journey [[to Sandusky Bay]], in company with Tecaughretanego, Tontileaugo, and two families of the Wyandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter's hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances -- scarcely one, had a shirt to his back -- but each of us had an old blanket, (which we belted round us in the day, and slept in, at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed).

When we came to the falls of Sandusky [River], we buried our birch-bark canoes, as usual, at a large burying-place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place, this river falls about eight feet over a rock, (but not perpendicularly). With much difficulty, we pushed up our wooden canoes, (in which some of us went up the river --- and the rest, by land, with the horses), until we came to the great meadows or prairies that lie between the Sandusky and the Sciota.

[The "Fire Ring" Hunt]

When we came to this place, we met with some Ottawa hunters; and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership.

We waited until we expected rain was to be soon falling (to extinguish the fire). And then, we kindled a large circle in the prairie.

At this time, (before the season that bucks begin to run), a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass, in the day --- and [normally] they moved-about [mainly] in the night. But, because our fire burned inward (towards the centre of the circle), the deer fled before the fire.

The Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire -- and shot them down every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. (When we came to divide the deer, there were about ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours.)

However, the rain did not come on that night, to put out the outside circle of the fire. Instead, the wind arose, causing the fire to spread across the whole prairie, (which was about fifty miles in length; and, in some places, nearly twenty in breadth).

This put an end to our ring-hunting, this season --- it was an injury to us in the [entire season's] hunting business. (Upon the whole, we received more harm, than benefit, by our rapid hunting frolic.)

So, we then moved from the north end of the glades, and encamped at the carrying place.

This place is in the plains -- betwixt a creek that empties into the Sandusky, and [another] one that runs into the Sciota.

And, at the time of high water, (or, in Spring season), there is merely about a one-half mile of portage distance --- and very level, and clear of rocks, timber, or stones. (Therefore, with a little digging, there may be [potential for a canal] water carriage, the whole way from Sciota to lake Erie).

[[Unfortunately, the 19th-Century plutocrats ignored that obvious potential, in favor of the Cuyahoga.]]

(From the mouth of Sandusky [River] to the falls, is chiefly first-rate land -- lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows, where the grass is exceedingly rank, and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places there is wet timber land; the timber in these places is chiefly water ash, sycamore, or button-wood.)

(From the falls to the prairies, the land lies well to the sun; it is neither too flat nor too hilly, and is chiefly first-rate; the timber nearly the same as below the falls, excepting the water ash.
There is also here some plats of beech land, that appears to be second-rate, as it frequently produces spicewood.
The prairie appears to be a tolerably fertile soil, though in many places too wet for cultivation -- but I perceive that it would produce timber, were it only kept from fire.)

{ The Indians are of the opinion that the squirrels plant the timber -- because the squirrels bury a number of nuts for food, (but only one nut, at each place); and whenever a squirrel is killed, the various kinds of nuts, thus buried, will grow [being uneaten by that (dead) squirrel].}

I have observed, that when these prairies have only escaped fire for one year --- near where a single tree stood, there was a young growth of timber.
But when the prairies again burned, all this young growth was immediately consumed, (and the fire rages in the grass -- to such a pitch, that numbers of raccoons, &c., are thereby burned to death).

(On the west side of the prairie, or betwixt that and Sciota, there is a large body of first-rate land; the timber being walnut, locust, sugar-tree, buckeye, cherry, ash, elm, mulberry, plum-trees, spice-wood, black haw, red haw, oak, and hickory.)

About the time the bucks quit running, Tontileaugo, (and his wife and children), and Tecaughretanego, (and his son Nunganey), and myself, left the Wyandot camps at the carrying place, and crossed the Sciota River at the south end of the glades, and proceeded on about a south-west course to a large creek called Ollentangy, (which, I believe, interlocks with the waters of the Miami, and empties into Sciota on the west side thereof).

[[In Smith's later published 'Treatise' on "Indian Warfare", he expands the description of this location, as being **"*a little north of the big barrens that reach to the head of Mad River, Darby, and down deer-creek*."**]]

Here we made our winter hut -- and had considerable success in hunting.

After some time here, one of Tontileaugo's step-sons (a lad about eight years of age) offended him, and he gave the boy a moderate whipping, which much displeased his Wyandot wife.

She acknowledged that the boy was guilty of a fault -- but thought that he ought to have been ducked, (which is their usual mode of chastisement). She said she could not bear to have her son whipped like a servant or slave --- and, she was so displeased, that when Tontileaugo went out to hunt, she got her two horses, and all her effects, (as, in this country the husband and wife have separate interests); and they moved back to the Wyandot camp that we had left.

When Tontileaugo returned to our camp, he was much disturbed on hearing of his wife's elopement -- and said, that he would never go after her, except were it not [for the fact] that he was afraid that she would get bewildered -- and that his children which she had taken with her, might suffer. So, Tontileaugo went after his wife. (And, apparently they resolved their quarrel --- because he never returned.)

Tecaughretanego and his son Nunganey (a boy about ten years of age) and myself, remained here in our hut, all Winter.

Tecaughretanego had been a first-rate warrior, statesman and hunter --- and though he was now near sixty years of age -- was yet equal to the common run of hunters --- but subject to the rheumatism, which [periodically] deprived him of the use of his legs.

Shortly after Tontileaugo left us, Tecaughretanego became lame, and could scarcely walk out of our hut for two months.
[Luckily,] I had considerable success in hunting and trapping [alone].

Although Tecaughretanego endured much pain and misery --- yet he bore it all with wonderful patience, and would often endeavor to entertain me with cheerful conversation. Sometimes he would applaud me for my diligence, skill and activity; and at other times he would take great care in giving me instructions concerning the hunting and trapping business. He would also tell me, that if I failed of success, we would suffer very much, because we were about forty miles from anyone living, (that we knew of) --- yet he would not intimate that he perceived we were in any real danger --- and still supposed that I was fully adequate to the task.
Tontileaugo had left us a little before Christmas -- and from that time until sometime in February, we had always plenty of venison, &c.
During this time, I killed much more than we could use; and, (having no horses to carry in what I killed), I left part of it in the woods.

But, in February, there came a snow -- with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and bear and beaver were scarce here. Therefore, we got entirely out of provision.

After I had hunted two days without eating anything, (and, already had a very short allowance, for some days before), I returned [to our campsite] late in the evening, faint and weary.

When I came into our hut, Tecaughretanego asked what success I had.

I told him not any. He asked me, was I not extremely hungry.

I replied that although the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed -- but I was both faint and weary.

So, he commanded Nunganey, (his little son), to bring me something to eat; who soon brought me a kettle with some bones and broth.

After eating a few mouthfuls, my appetite quickly returned --- and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish -- even though it was only fox and wildcat bones, which lay about the camp -- and which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had already picked clean. (These [bare bones], Nunganey had collected and boiled, until the sinews [and marrow] that remained on the bones, would strip off.)

I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was --- and when I had ended my sweet repast, Tecaughretanego asked me how I felt.

I told him that I was much refreshed.

[*Owaneeyo* ("the Great Spirit")]

He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He then said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him that I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now was because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk when they are extremely hungry, because they are then generally fretful and discomposed --- *"but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true"*:

"Brother – As, you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing, that the great Being above, feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season --- such as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions -- yet are wonderfully supplied -- and, so frequently, that it is evidently the hand of the great Owaneeyo, that doth this. ('Owaneeyo' is the name of God, in their tongue; and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.)

Whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain; and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of heaven and earth.

"Brother – I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger; but you have no just-reason to fear this.

"Brother – I have been young, but am now old; I have been frequently under the like circumstances that we now are, and at some time or other in almost every year of my life -- yet I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

"Brother – Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him; and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

"Brother – Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means. Go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a hunting; be strong, and exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way." ~~

[Smith shoots a buffalo (and feeds his body, and soul).]

The next morning I went out, and steered about an east course.

I proceeded on slowly, for about five miles, and saw deer frequently; but because the crust on the snow made a great noise, they always ran away before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot.

A violent appetite returned --- and I became intolerably hungry.

It was now that I concluded I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native-country.
However, because the snow was on the ground --- and Indian hunters nearly the whole of the way, afore me --- therefore, I had a very poor prospect of making my escape.

But my case appeared desperate: if I stayed here, I thought I would surely perish with hunger.

So, I then proceeded on [towards Pennsylvania] as fast as I could walk.

When I got about ten or twelve miles [heading away] from our hut, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks. I pursued them; and in a short time, came in sight of them as they were passing through a small glade. I ran with all my might, and headed them off --- where, I layed in ambush -- and killed a very large [buffalo] cow.

I immediately kindled a fire and began to roast meat -- but could not wait till it was done; I ate it almost raw.

When hunger was abated, suddenly I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian 'brother' and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition.

So I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry -- and secured the remainder away from the wolves --- and [instead of going back to Pennsylvania,] returned homewards [to our camp].

And although I had scarcely thought [or, contemplated] on the old man's speech while I was most distracted with hunger --- but, while on my return [toward our camp,] I was much affected with it.

I reflected on myself for my hard-heartedness and ingratitude, (in my attempting to run off -- and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger).

I considered also how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified in our obtaining a supply of food, providentially.

I thought especially of that part of his speech which treated about the fractious dispositions of hungry people --- and which was [indeed] the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity, (in my attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation).

--- It was a moonlit night, so I continued onward to our hut; and found the old man in his usual good-humor. He thanked me for my exertion, and bid me sit down, (he knowing that I must certainly be fatigued) --- and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook.

But I told him, that I would cook for him, and just let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself (which he did -- but ate it almost raw, as I had done).

I immediately hung the kettle on with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices, and put them in. When it had boiled a while, I proposed taking it off the fire -- but the old man replied, "let it be done enough." (Those words, he said with as patient and unconcerned manner as if he had not wanted one single meal.)

He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time, (lest he might hurt himself), but told him to sit down, and after some time, might sip some broth. That command, his son reluctantly obeyed.

When we were all refreshed, Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary supports of life, (with thankfulness that *Owaneeyo* is the Great Giver).

Such speeches from an Indian, may be thought (by those who are unacquainted with them), altogether incredible; but when we reflect on the Indian War, we may readily conclude that they are not an ignorant or stupid sort of people, (else they would not have been such [formidable] fatal enemies: when they came into our country, they outwitted us ---- and when we sent armies into their country, they out-generalled and beat us, despite them having inferior forces).

{ Let us also take into consideration that Tecaughretanego was no common person --- but was, among the Indians, [the same] as was Socrates, in the ancient heathen world; equal to him, if not in wisdom and in learning -- but perhaps in patience and fortitude. Notwithstanding Tecaughretanego's uncommon natural abilities -- yet, in the sequel of this history, you will see the deficiency of the light of nature, unaided by revelation, in this truly great man.}

The next morning, Tecaughretanego desired me to go back and bring another load of buffalo beef. I proceeded to do so --- but about five miles from our hut, I found a bear tree. Because a sapling grew near the tree, (and extended to near the hole that the bear went in), so I gathered dried dozy (or, rotten) wood, (which catches and holds fire almost as well as spunk). This wood, I tied up in bunches and affixed upon my back -- and then climbed up the sapling --- and with a pole, I put it, (lighted on fire), into the hole --- and I then came down and took my gun in my hand. After some time, the bear came out --- and I killed and skinned it, packed up a load of the meat, and (after securing the remainder from the wolves), returned home before night. On my return, my old 'brother' and his son were much rejoiced at my success. After this, we had plenty of provisions.

We remained here until sometime in April, 1758. (At this time, Tecaughretanego had recovered so that he could walk-about.)
We made a bark canoe, and embarked, and went down Ollentangy some distance --- but the water being low, we were in danger of splitting our canoe upon the rocks. Therefore, Tecaughretanego concluded we would encamp on shore, and pray for rain.

[A Sweat-House (and Tecaughretanego's prayer)]

When we encamped, Tecaughretanego made himself a sweat-house: which he did by sticking a number of hoops in the ground, each hoop forming a semicircle; this he covered all round with blankets and skins.

He then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into this hut; and then went into it himself, with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs, (which he had formerly cured, and had now with him in his pack) --- they afforded an odoriferous perfume.

He went into this hut, and told me to pull down the blankets behind him, and cover all up, close, (which I did) --- and then he began to pour water upon the hot stones, and to sing aloud. In this vehemently hot place, he continued about fifteen minutes. All this, he did in order purify himself, before he would address the Supreme Being.

When he came out of his sweat-house, he began to burn tobacco and pray. He began each petition with *"oh, ho, ho, ho"*, which is a kind of aspiration, and signifies an ardent wish. (I had observed that all his petitions were only for immediate or present temporal blessings.)

He began his address, by thanks-giving in the following manner:

"O Great Being! I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again; that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, &c. without feeling exquisite pain and misery. I know that thou art a hearer and a helper, and therefore I will call upon thee.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,

"Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able, not only to walk, but to run and to jump logs, as I did last Fall.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,

"Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as may be crossing the Sciota and Sanduske.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,

"Grant that we may kill plenty of turkeys along the banks, to stew with our fat bear meat.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho,

"Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Sciota, without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks.

"And now, O Great Being! Thou knowest how matters stand; thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and although I know not when I may get more, I now make a present of the last I have unto thee, as a free burnt offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I, thy servant, will return thee thanks, and love thee for thy gifts."

During the whole of this prayer, I sat by Tecaughretanego.
And as he went through it with the greatest solemnity, I was seriously affected with his prayers.

I remained duly composed --- until he came to the burning of the tobacco; and (because I knew that he was a great lover of it, and saw him cast the last of it into the fire), it excited in me a kind of merriment --- and I insensibly smiled.

Tecaughretanego observed me laughing, which displeased him, and occasioned him to address me in the following manner:

"Brother – I have somewhat to say to you, and I hope you will not be offended when I tell you of your faults.

You know that when you were reading your books in town, I would not let the boys or anyone disturb you.

But now, when I was praying, I saw you laughing.

I do not think that you look upon praying as a foolish thing;

I believe that you, yourself, pray. But perhaps you may think my mode or manner of praying, foolish --- if so, you ought in a friendly manner to instruct me, and not make sport of sacred things."

I acknowledged my error --- and, on this, he handed me his pipe to smoke, in token of friendship and reconciliation, (even though, at this time, he had nothing left to smoke but red willow bark).

Then I told him something of the method of reconciliation with an offended God, as revealed in my Bible.

He said that he liked my story better than that of the French priests --- but he thought that he was now too old to begin to learn a new religion; therefore he should continue to worship God in the way that he had been taught --- and, that if salvation or future happiness was to be had, in his way of worship, he expected he would obtain it; but if it was inconsistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept of him in his own way of worship, then he hoped that *Owaneeyo* would accept of him in the way I had mentioned, or in some other way, (even though he might now be ignorant of the channel through which favor or mercy might be conveyed). He said that he believed that *Owaneeyo* would hear and help everyone who sincerely waited upon him.

{ Here we may see how far the light of nature could go --- perhaps we see it here almost in its highest extent. Notwithstanding the just views that this great man entertained of Providence --- yet we now see him, acknowledging his guilt and expecting to appease the Deity, and procure his favor, by burning a little tobacco.
We may observe that all heathen nations -- in-as-far as we can find out either by tradition or the light of nature -- agree with revelation

in this: that sacrifice is necessary, or that some kind of atonement is to be made in order to remove guilt and reconcile them to God. This, accompanied with numberless other witnessings, is sufficient evidence of the rationality of the truth of the Scriptures.}

A few days after Tecaughretanego had gone through his ceremonies and finished his prayers -- the rain came, and raised the creek a sufficient height, so that we passed in safety, down to Sciota, and proceeded up to the carrying place.
(Let me now describe the land, on this route from our winter hut, and down Ollentangy to the Sciota, and up it to the carrying place:
The area near our winter cabin, is chiefly first-and-second-rate land.
A considerable way up Ollentangy, on the south-west side thereof, (or betwixt it and the Miami), there is a very large prairie; and from this prairie down Ollentangy to Sciota, is generally first-rate land.
The timber is walnut, sugar-tree, ash, buckeye, locust, wild cherry, and spice-wood, intermixed with some oak and beech.
From the mouth of Ollentangy, on the east side of Sciota, up to the carrying place, there is a large body of first-and-second-rate land, and tolerably well-watered. The timber is ash, sugar-tree, walnut, locust, oak, and beech.
Up near the carrying place, the land is a little hilly, but the soil good.)

We proceeded from this [carrying-] place, [and then, back] down Sandusky [River]; and in our passage, we killed four bears and a number of turkeys.

{ Tecaughretanego seemed now fully persuaded, that all of this came in answer to his prayers --- and who can say with any degree of certainty, that it was not so?}

[Mr. Thompson demonstrates how to easily catch “rock fish”.]

When we came to the little lake [[Sandusky Bay]] at the mouth of Sandusky [River] -- we visited the Wyandot town that was then there, called Sunyendeand. Here, we diverted ourselves several days, by catching rock fish in a small creek, (the name of which is also Sunyendeand [Creek], which signifies "rock fish"). We fished in the night, with lights -- and struck the fish, with gigs or spears. (The rock fish, here, when they begin to swim up the creek, to spawn, are exceedingly fat.) The first night, however, we scarcely caught fish enough for present use, for all who were in the town.

The next morning, I met with a prisoner at this place, (by the name of Thompson), who had been taken from Virginia. He told me, if the Indians would only omit disturbing the fish for one night, he could catch more fish than the whole town could make use of.

I told Mr. Thompson that if he was certain he could do this, that I would use my influence with the Indians to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what “the Great Knife” (“Virginian”) could do.

Mr. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work; and made a hoop-net of elm bark. They then cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it to prevent the fish from passing up --- leaving only a gap at the one side of the creek. Here he sat with his net, and when he felt the fish touch the net he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each.

He continued at this, until he had hauled out about a wagonload; and then left the gap open (in order to let them pass up -- for, they could not go far on account of the shallow water). Before daytime, Mr. Thompson shut it up, to prevent them from passing down, (so the Indians might have some diversion in killing them in daylight).

When the news of the fish, came to town, the Indians all collected; and with surprise, beheld the large heap of fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of fish that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town, and in a short time returned with their spears, gigs, bows and arrows, &c., and were the chief part of that day engaged in killing rock fish --- insomuch that we had more than we could use or preserve. (We had no salt, or any way to preserve them, so they lay upon the banks --- and after some time, great numbers of turkey-buzzards and eagles collected together and devoured them.)

Shortly after this, we left Sunyendeand -- and in three days arrived at Detroit, where we remained [for the rest of] this summer.

[Receiving news about “British” General Forbes' Army]

Sometime in May, we heard that General Forbes, with seven-thousand men, was preparing to carry on a campaign against [French] Fort Du Quesne, (which then stood near where [British] Fort Pitt was afterwards erected).

Upon receiving this news, a number of runners were sent off (by the French commander at Detroit) to urge the different tribes of Indian warriors to [prepare to fight at] Fort Du Quesne.

Some time in July, 1758, the Ottawas, Jibewas, Potowatomies, and Wyandots, rendezvoused at Detroit, and marched off to Fort Du Quesne, to prepare for the encounter of General Forbes. The common reports were that they would defeat him (as they had done to General Braddock), and obtain much plunder.

From this time until Fall, we had frequent accounts of Forbes's army, by Indian runners that were sent out to watch their motion. They espied them frequently from the mountains, (continually after [Forbes' troops] had left from Fort Loudon).
Colonel Grant, with his Highlanders, stole a march upon the French, in the night, and took possession of a hill about eighty rods from Fort Du Quesne. (That hill is, on that account, called Grant's Hill to this day.) The French and Indians knew not, that Grant was there -- until Grant's men beat the drum and played upon the bagpipes just at daylight.

The Indians then flew to arms --- but they [secretly] ran up from under cover of the banks of Allegheny and Monongahela, for some distance; and then rushed out from the banks of the rivers, and took possession of the hill above Grant; and (as, he was on the point of it, in sight of the fort), they immediately surrounded him, and (as, he had his Highlanders in ranks and in very close-order -- but, the Indians were scattered, and concealed behind trees), they defeated him, with the loss of only a few warriors. Most of the Highlanders were killed or taken prisoners.

After their victory, the Indians held a 'council' -- but were divided in their opinions. Some said that General Forbes would now turn back and go home the way that he came, (such as Dunbar had done when General Braddock was defeated); others supposed he would come on.

The French urged the Indians to stay and see the event; but, a great many of them returned home to their hunting, (as, it was hard for them to be absent from their squaws and children at this season of the year).

After this, the remainder of the Indians, and some French regulars, and a number of Canadians marched off, in quest of General Forbes.

They met his army near Fort Ligoneer, and attacked them --- but were frustrated in their design. They said that Forbes' men were beginning to learn the art of war -- and that there were a great number of American riflemen (along with the red-coats), who scattered out, took to trees, and were good marksmen; therefore they found they could not accomplish their design, and were obliged to retreat.
So, when they returned from the battle, to Fort Du Quesne, the Indians concluded that they would go to their hunting. The French endeavored to persuade them to stay, and try another battle. The Indians said, that if it was only the red-coats they had to do with -- then they could soon subdue them --- but they could not withstand 'Ashalecoa', (or, the "Great Knife", which was the name they gave the Virginians).
They then returned home to their hunting --- and the French evacuated the fort, (which General Forbes came and took possession of, without further opposition, late in the year 1758, and at that time began to build Fort Pitt).

This year, we hunted up Sandusky [River] and down Sciota, (nearly the same route that we had done the last hunting season). We had considerable success, and returned to Detroit, during April, 1759.

[Smith finally escapes to his original home]

Shortly afterward, Tecaughretanego, his son Nungany and myself, went from Detroit (in an elm-bark canoe) to Caughnewaga, a very ancient Indian town, about nine miles above Montreal, where I remained until about the first of July.

I then heard of a French ship at Montreal that had English prisoners on board, (in order to carry them over sea and exchange them). I went privately off from the Indians, and got also on board; but, (because General Wolfe had estopped the river St. Lawrence), we were instead sent to prison in Montreal, where I remained four months.

Sometime in November, we were all sent off from this place to Crown Point, and exchanged.

Early in the year 1760, I came home to Conococheague; and found that my people could never ascertain whether I was killed or taken, until my return. They received me with great joy, but were surprised to see me be so much like an Indian, both in my gait and gesture.

Upon inquiry, I found that my sweetheart was married a few days before I arrived.
(My feelings, I must leave on this occasion, for those of my readers to judge, who have felt the pangs of disappointed love --- as, it is impossible, now, for me to describe the emotion of soul I felt at that time**).**

{{ etc. }}

[[The rest of Smith's original version, relates information about his later life, after returning to his Pennsylvania home.]]

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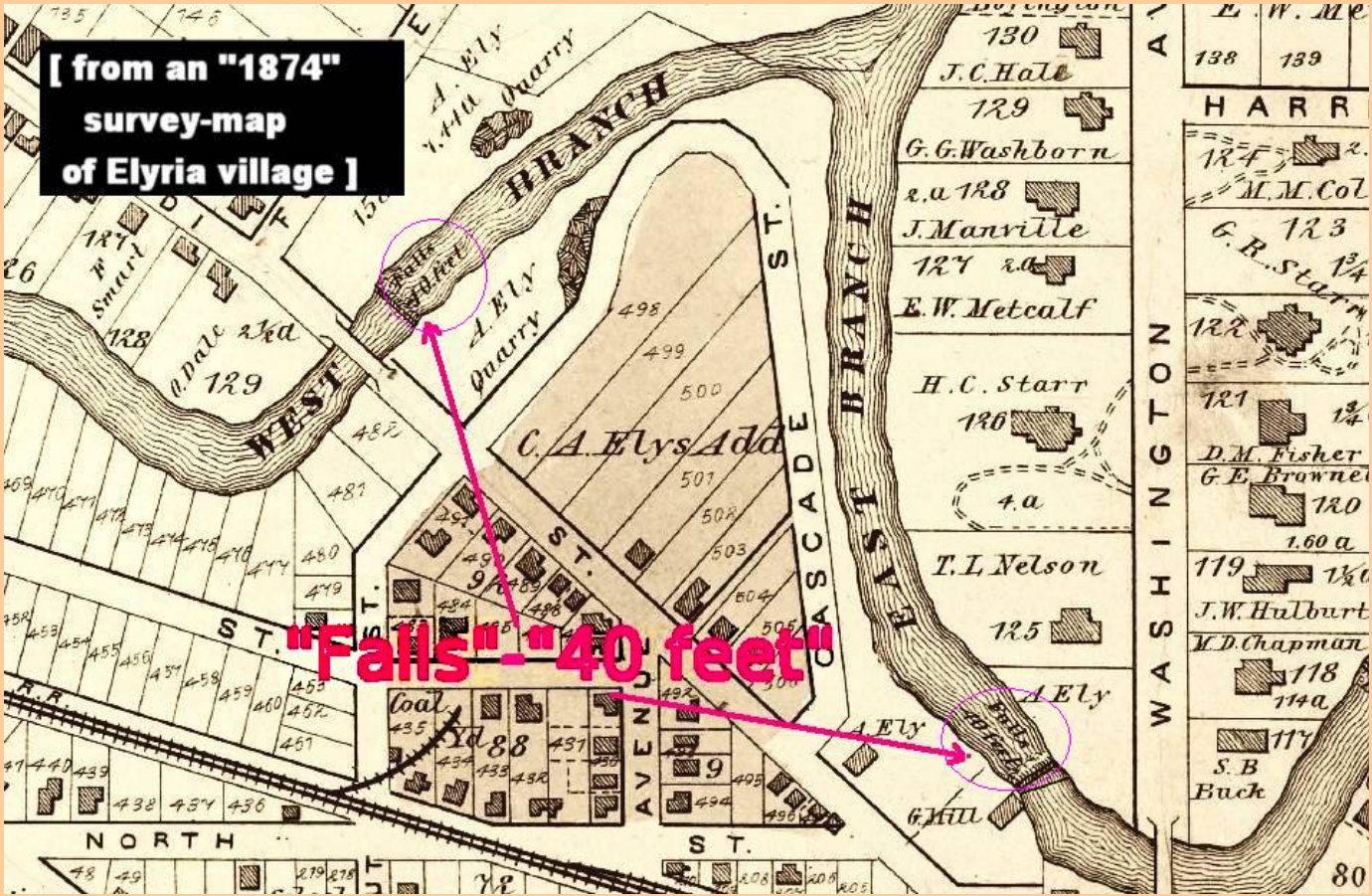
So ---- *how many "historians" does it take …....*

ON THE NEXT THREE PAGES, ARE IMAGES OF THE ' FALLS ' THAT 19th -CENTURY "*LOCAL-HISTORIANS*" (AND MOST OF THE 20th -CENTURY ONES --- AND EVEN STILL SOME OF THE 21st -CENTURY ONES) **ODDLY ATTRIBUTED AS BEING THE SAME "FALLS" WHICH COL. JAMES SMITH EXPERIENCED IN THE 1750s.**

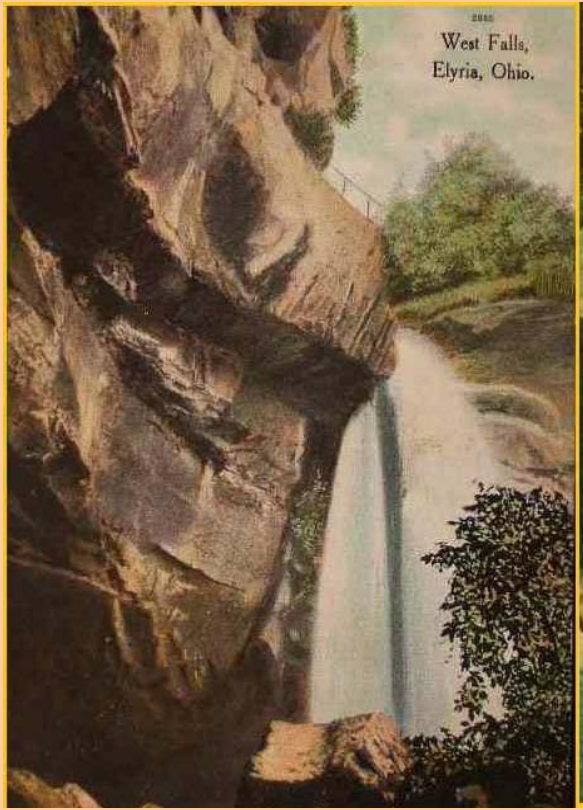
[BUT, IF --- AFTER READING COL. SMITH'S OWN WORDS --- IF **YOU** DISAGREE WITH THOSE "HISTORIANS" ---- PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO EXPRESS YOUR OBJECTIONS AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY. (BECAUSE: '*HISTORY*' TRULY BELONGS TO THE 'PUBLIC' --- NOT MERELY TO JUST A FEW "*HISTORIAN*" ELITISTS).]

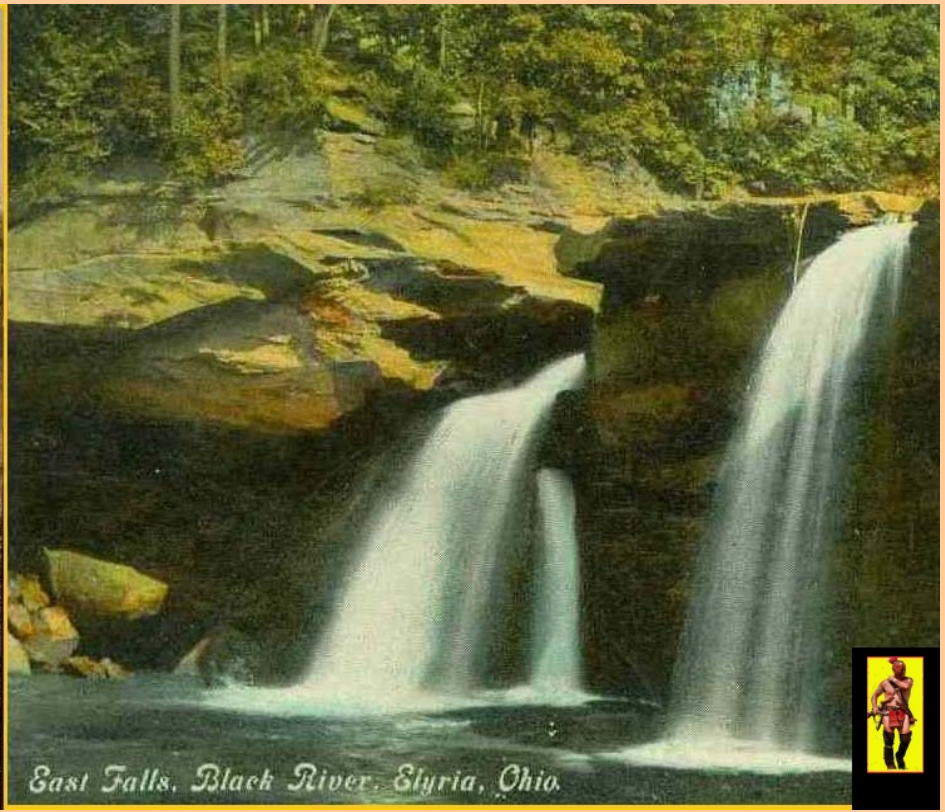
Modern birds-eye photograph (artistically-enhanced *) of the
BLACK RIVER'S "TWIN" WATERFALLS, IN ELYRIA, OH
(*- exemplifying how these **two** 'falls' would have looked, prior to "modern" development).

Nor did the physical appearance of either of these "falls", match Col. Smith's descriptions, in any manner whatsoever :



The '1874' professional survey map denotes both of these "falls", as "40 feet" high; (not "*12 to 15 feet* ").

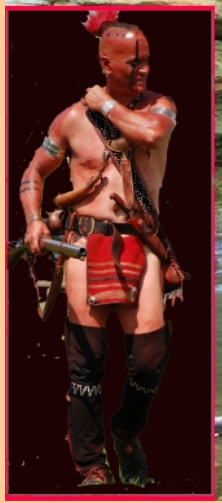




"WEST FALLS" CIRCA - 1909 POSTAL-CARDS "EAST FALLS" 6' man ^

If an (approx.) six-feet-tall guy encountered either one of those impressive, (perpendicular), 40-feet high falls --- would he truly think that they are merely twice his own height ??....

….. or would he instead accurately describe the much smaller (random) “falls”, below , as being “*about twelve or fifteen feet* ” in height, (and *“nearly perpendicular* ”).



[approx. 6 ft.-tall guy --- as a height comparison to approx.12 ft. high and “nearly perpendicular” falls, located elsewhere.]

(So, obviously, there must have previously been “falls” similar to that one, somewhere on the HURON RIVER.)

(Future) **Part 2** of this exposé, will detail additional information about the true "Canesadooharie" (Huron River)**;** including facts as told by other frontiersmen (etc.), who also experienced it during the same time-period as Col. James Smith.

But**,** that "Canesadooharie" myth is merely one of many -- that *local-historians* (and, likewise, the "*historical societies*", etc., of which they associate), have perpetuated (and continue to promulgate) to the 'public'. And, even worse, many of these myths have been permanently inscribed onto "*historical marker*" plaques --- thereby, in many cases, causing the myths to be the predominant "*history*" most widely-seen by the general-public. Therefore, another sequel (**Part 3**) to this series, is also in-the-works. Here are just few samples of additional (many) myths which need to be elucidated (and, hopefully, ultimately rejected by the public) **:**

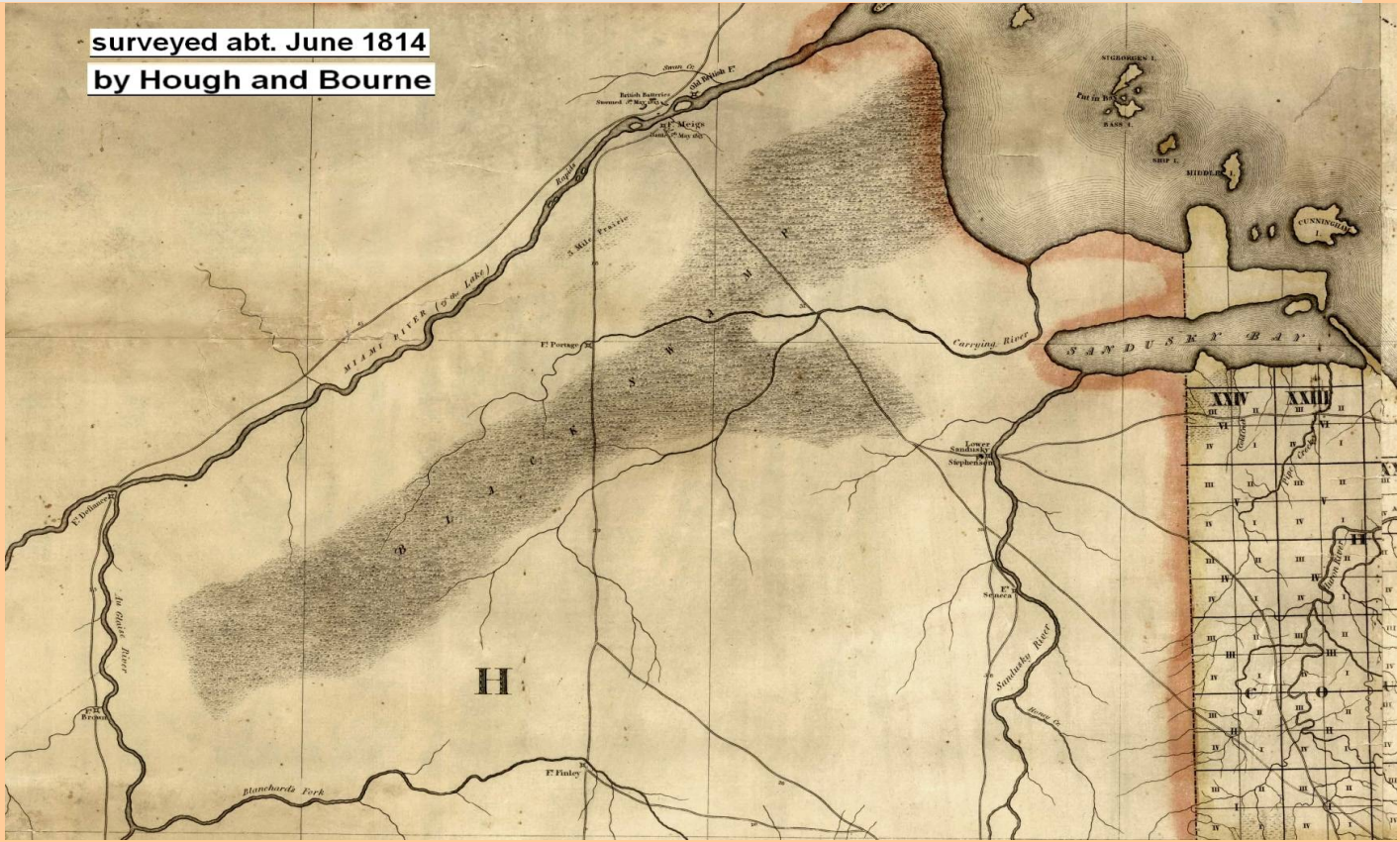
[These are not new discoveries. These documents have long been readily available to "local-historians".]

- The Ottawa County Historical Society asserted that ***"the Wolcott 'Keeper's House' was built for Benajah Wolcott, as a wedding present for his new wife."*** [But**,** if so**,** then how does Seth Steel, (that property's land-owner during that decade)**,** fit into that scenario**??**
  And also**,** why do the contemporaneous records indicate that Benajah actually instead resided* in a true**,** U.S. gov. "keeper's house" near the very base of the lighthouse**?** (see below)
  [*- and, just prior, he had resided in Sandusky City, where he continued to reside during the Lake Erie off-season.]
  Also --- if that (so-called) "*wedding present*" structure was truly built for Wolcott --- then why did he officially claim to be totally destitute**,** merely two years before his new, (and very low-paying), lighthouse job**?** And, (that same year of his marriage), why did his 'peers' also certify that he was destitute? Were those 'peers' liars-and-frauds**,** the whole group of them**??**

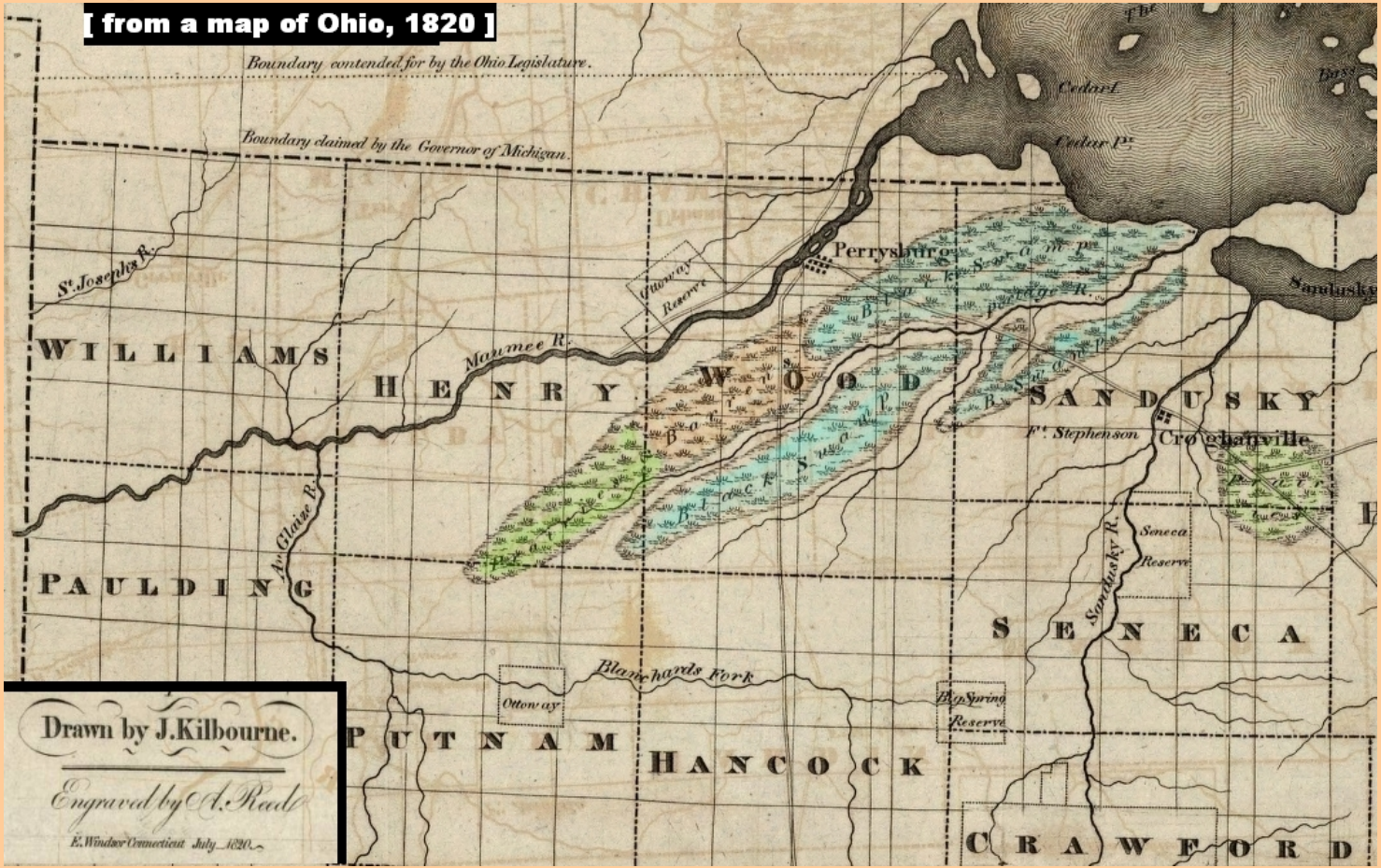
(circa-1859 photograph) **“ Wolcott's” actual, original (U.S.gov.) “keeper's house”, (**'right'**), located at the Marblehead lighthouse site.** (A stone structure, later replaced with a wooden structure.)

- **ANOTHER MYTH** (WHICH HAS NOW PERMEATED MUCH OF NORTH-WESTERN OHIO'S "*HISTORY*"), IS THE **"***INCREDIBLY VAST***"** EXTENT OF AREA**,** ENCOMPASSED BY N.W. OHIO'S '**BLACK SWAMP**'.

BUT THESE TWO CONTEMPORANEOUS SURVEY-MAPS, SEEM TO TELL A DIFFERENT STORY :



[“***Black Swamp***” in 'blue' area --- “***barrens***” in 'tan' area --- “***praries***” in 'green' areas :]



• AND, THE VARIOUS (CURRENTLY UNRESOLVED) MYTHS OF THE **LAKE ERIE ISLANDS;**
myths that are disputed by many first-hand sources, (such as this one, from the year 1804) :

THE

AMERICAN GAZETTEER,

EXHIBITING

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE

CIVIL DIVISIONS, RIVERS, HARBOURS,

INDIAN TRIBES, &c.

OF THE

AMERICAN CONTINENT,

Compiled from the beſt Authorities,

By JEDIDIAH MORSE, D.D. A.A.S. S.H.S.

Author of the American Univerſal Geography.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MAPS.

SECOND EDITION,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED.

PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

Charleſtown:

PRINTED BY AND FOR SAMUEL ETHERIDGE, AND FOR

THOMAS AND ANDREWS,

BOSTON.—1804.

Cunningham's Iſland, in Upper Canada, is ſituated at the W end of lake Erie, S weſterly of the Baſs iſlands, and ſoutherly of Ship iſland.

Middle Siſter, a ſmall iſland at the W end of Lake Erie in Upper Canada, ſituated between the Eaſt Siſter, and Weſt Siſter. *Smyth.*

Rattle-Snake Iſlands lie at the weſtern end of Lake Erie.

Sanduſky Iſland, in lake Erie, U. Canada, lies a little S E of the Baſs iſlands, and nearer to Sanduſky Bay.

Ship Iſland, U. Canada, is of very ſmall extent, between the Baſs iſlands, and Cunningham's iſland in lake Erie.

"*Sandusky Island*", (above) was a very early (1700s) name for 'Kelleys Island',(which, of course, was assigned the name 'Cunninghams Island', circa-1808). But, the "*Cunningham's Island*" (above) seems to be modern-day 'Catawba Island'. Regardless, they all were apparently "*Canadian*" posessions at that time (and perhaps until the War-of-1812). (Which is especially pertinent, if the U.S./"*Indian*" treaties omitted them.)

Likewise, this '1802' map (by Arrowsmith / Tardieu) also shows that "*Sandusky Island*" was not the same as "*Cunningham Island*" (which seems crudely intended here, for modern-day South Bass I.?, or Catawba I.?) :

- Also, evidence exists about Ohio's *" CT Western Reserve"* assigned length of "120 miles", being intentionally exceeded.